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The Week

LONDON—just recovering from the coronation festivities, the question as to whether the royal family could attend the Duke of Windsor's wedding, and a bus strike—looks forward to other labor troubles caused by a rising cost of living, and to the retirement of Stanley Baldwin from active politics, and the accession of a new Prime Minister—Neville Chamberlain. At the same time there will be an imperial conference which may lay the basis for revision of the Ottawa trade agreements and the dropping of barriers against other nations. . . . In Spain, while the war continued with no decisive victories on either side, the Cabinet of Largo Caballero fell and he was unable to form a new one. This feat was performed by a Socialist, Negrin, with a Cabinet representing the parliamentary people's front, but without direct delegates from either the Socialist or Anarcho-Syndicalist trade unions. It constitutes an attempt to mobilize all republican elements for more centralized prosecution of the war. . . . The Soviet Union continues to be agitated by the suspicion of Trotskyist plotters. Voroshiloff, head of the army, has been demoted and councils have been set up to check the acts of generals. Prominent trade-union officials have been arrested. So many engineers and executives in industry have either been arrested or are under suspicion that production has suffered. Counter-measures against this new "excess of zeal" are said to be under way. . . . A revolt in Albania, promptly crushed, was probably stimulated by hostility among conservative Moslem peasantry toward King Zog for his agreement with Italy and his law to unveil women.

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE Van Devanter, one of the leading conservatives, resigned as of June 2. The Court failed to hand down an expected decision on the Social Security Act, but did validate a Louisiana law taxing chain stores progressively according to the number of their units, and allowed the Treasury to refuse to refund impounded AAA processing taxes to companies which had paid them unless the companies in question could prove that the taxes had not been passed on to consumers. . . . The President returned invigorated from his fishing trip, saying he had just begun to fight, would not compromise on the Supreme Court issue, and would press for passage of laws setting maximum hours and minimum wages, modest farm-tenant relief, a program embracing power, flood control and soil conservation, a balanced budget in 1938, and an extension for two years at most of manufacturers' excise and nuisance taxes. . . . During his absence the House had declined to make the CCC permanent, but had continued it for two years with a reduced enrollment and reduced salary for its head. After his return the Senate Judiciary Committee seemed about to reject compromise of the Court plan on its own behalf, and to report unfavorably. . . . The strike in the Jones and Laughlin steel plant was quickly ended by an agreement to take a vote to decide who should represent the employees; Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Republic Steel continued to defy the steel workers' union, whose leaders waited for the Jones and Laughlin poll before deciding to call a strike against them. An active campaign to organize the Ford factories began while Ford issued an anti-union leaflet of "Fordisms" to his employees.

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AN IMPORTANT step in the drive for progressive political action was the formation recently of the Oregon Commonwealth Federation. Representatives of labor, farm and liberal groups met at Portland and united on a program of public ownership, increased inheritance and income taxes, civil liberties and similar proposals. Dr. Stephenson Smith, professor of English at the University of Oregon, was elected president, and Monroe M. Sweetland, former national organizer of the League for Industrial Democracy, was named secretary. Both the maritime and the sawmill and timber unions sent full delegations. Howard G. Costigan, secretary of the powerful Washington Commonwealth Federation, said the response to the first Oregon meeting far exceeded that in his state. The first task to be undertaken by the new organization will be the placing of the huge Bonneville hydro-electric project under a public transmission system. Private utilities in the state are spreading propaganda for an industrial rate set-up, which would enable a few aluminum plants to monopolize the power and thus prevent the great dam from being used to break the control in the Northwest by the existing private companies. Bonneville is the key to the greatest system of hydro-electric power in North America, and the struggle to control it is one of the most important issues before the West. Secretary Ickes, fortunately, wants a "postage-stamp" rate which would give all users the same treatment. It is believed the President agrees with his views. The Oregon Commonwealth Federation has started a statewide program to support them.

THE recent visit of Thomas Mann served to call attention to the valuable work now being carried on by the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom. This organization was formed to give spiritual help and encouragement to valid creative talents whose language and cultural backgrounds are German but who find themselves in forced or voluntary exile because of the neolithic political regime now in control of Germany. Under the heavy hand of the Propaganda Ministry genuine creative effort in literature, the arts and sciences has all but ceased within Germany itself. Meanwhile the great traditions of German art and scholarship are part of the general heritage of a world which has, in Thomas Mann's words, "time and again welcomed the questing and creative German spirit in the days of its moral autonomy and self-responsibility. It must be the profound concern of that world to safeguard, support and sustain that spirit in so far as it is still effective in freedom abroad, but deprived of the support of the state and oppressed and contemned at home." In carrying out these objectives an organization has been set up, with headquarters at 22 West Seventy-seventh Street, New York City. Among the leaders in the American Guild are Governor Wilbur F. Cross, Senator Robert F. Wagner, Alvin Johnson, Robert M. Hutchins, Frank Kingdon, Robert MacIver, Henry Seidel Canby and Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. The European council is headed by Thomas Mann and includes Lion Feuchtwanger, Fritz von Unruh, Sigmund Freud, Father Georg Moenius, Ernst Toller, Franz Werfel, Alfred Neumann, Rose Schickele and Otto Klemperer.

TWO pilots, one dead and one alive, are blamed in the California airplane crashes that shocked the nation last December and January. The official findings of the Department of Commerce say that Edwin W. Blom, who was killed along with nine passengers and a crew of three, was in error when he attempted to fly his United Air Lines plane "through the Newhall Pass at an altitude lower than the surrounding mountains without first determining by radio the existing weather." The report points out that four other flights in and out of Burbank, toward which the plane was heading, were made during the hour in which the low-flying Blom crashed into the mountainside and killed every person on board. William W. Lewis, the surviving pilot of the Western Air Lines plane that struck the Los Pinetos mountains, killing five and injuring eight, apparently had some difficult in getting his radio bearings. The report finds that while the radio at Burbank was partly occupied with voice conversation, the directional beam at Saugus was going all the time, and the investigators do not understand why the pilot did not either tune in the Saugus beam or else turn back and demand bearings from Burbank instead of continuing to descend without radio aid. In both these disasters it would be easy to say that blaming the pilot is a simple way to whitewash the airlines, the government and all concerned with the fatal flights. As C. B. Allen pointed out in last week's New Republic, however, in many cases the pilot actually is to blame and the need seems to be not so much for new regulations as for more vigilant observance of existing safeguards.

MONTANA seems bent on demonstrating that academic intolerance can flourish in the reputedly wide-open West as well as in the most hardshell East. Last month a movement was started to form a branch of the Teachers' Union at the University of Montana. The leader in the effort was Philip O. Keeney, librarian, who held the rank of full professor and who in his six years in that position had built up a library notable for the completeness of its material dealing with current social questions. Two days after Professor Keeney had acquired the necessary signatures for a petition for a charter, President George Simmons abruptly dismissed him from the faculty. This was done even though Professor Keeney's rank presumably carried permanent tenure and dismissal was theoretically possible only for cause and after an impartial investigation by a faculty service committee. There was no such investigation, Professor Keeney was allowed no counsel, no witnesses and was given only ten minutes to present his case before the appointive members of the state board of education outvoted the elective members

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and confirmed the dismissal. At the same time the temporary president of the newly formed union, Professor E. P. Rowe, head of the department of Geology and a member of the faculty for more than thirty years, was placed on a month-to-month basis. Needless to say, labor bodies, organizations of educators and friends of basic academic freedom are gathering forces for a real fight against such high-handed injustice.

SINCE the rout of the Socialists in the 1936 municipal election, when only Mayor Daniel W. Hoan and five Socialist aldermen survived, liberalism has fared badly in Milwaukee. Communists have been barred from the use of public halls. Leaders of the teachers' union have been suspended from teaching positions. Reactionaries controlling the common council have curtailed the mayor's powers. Recently, the council enacted a Hitlerite resolution designed to bar from the schools any speakers who "attack the constitution," or criticize the "American theory of government." Mayor Hoan has vetoed the resolution, but the council is likely to override him. Step by step, reaction has been gaining until a turn in the tide came the other day. It occurred when the Auditorium board refused to rent a hall to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy for a pro-loyalist rally in the semi-municipal Auditorium. The pretext given by the board was that the meeting "might violate" the federal neutrality act. The committee, aroused by this astonishing gag, promptly went to court. In twenty-four hours, it obtained a writ of mandamus ordering the board to rent the hall. Circuit Judge Charles L. Aarons, who issued the writ, gave a refreshing defense of the constitutional guaranties of free speech and assemblage. "If public officials can deny use of this hall by reason of personal prejudices and antipathies, the right of free speech is effectively curtailed," Judge Aarons held. "Here is a clear-cut issue of the right of the public to exercise a constitutional right. Harm is done to the cause of democracy by trying to prevent this meeting."

THOSE Americans who have supposed that this country has a monopoly on "progressive education" may be a little startled to learn of an enterprise in Great Britain. In more than four hundred British schools, the younger children now study geography through the device of "adopting" some vessel in the national merchant marine. Day by day, they follow its peregrinations about the world, the storms and other obstacles encountered, the places where cargoes are taken on board and unloaded, and in what they consist. When one of these ships comes back to England, the captain is invited to visit the school that is interested in his particular vessel, regarding which he has already reported by letters from various places, by sending copies of the ship's log, and so on. The results of the plan, in terms of new geographical knowledge, are said to be astounding; and if the children also get a lively sense of the Empire's size, and of the importance of her merchant marine, who is to cavil at that?

ONE of the most interesting suggestions yet put forward for at least a partial payment of the European war debts is the proposal to establish international scholarships for American students in the debtor countries. Up to this time, one of the main obstacles to settlement has been the unwillingness of the United States to accept payments in goods. The proponents of the scholarship plan urge first that a workable settlement of the whole debt question be made—obviously a large order in itself—and that the scholarship plan be incorporated as part of the settlement. It is estimated that as many as 8,000 mature American scholars might go to Europe annually for post-graduate and research work. They would, wherever possible, endeavor to travel on the steamship lines of the country to which they were going and the entire amount of their scholarships would be issued in the currency of that country and would be spent wholly within the country or its commercial jurisdiction. In this way the knotty problem of getting European money across national borders would be avoided and the scholarships would cause no disruption of any internal scheme of managed currency that a country might have. Sponsors of the plan think it would build up international good will as well as settle a good portion of what now look like hopelessly bad debts. Byron W. Skillin, of the University of Pennsylvania Club in New York City, is chairman of the International Settlement Scholarship Plan.

THE latest product of technological advance is one of the most astonishing. A machine now exists that can score examination papers, reporting the number of right and wrong answers, and the student's percentage grade. The device is based on the fact that graphite, used in lead pencils, conducts electricity. A minute current is passed through the paper on which questions have been answered, and a record is made of whether these answers coincide with those on a master sheet previously prepared. The machine compares the number of correct and incorrect answers and expresses the result as a percentage; it is far more accurate than a human being. In one test in Rhode Island, 20,000 examination papers were checked in a week; in another in New York 400,000 papers were graded in less than thirty-four days. Science Service, which describes the new invention, believes it may be of the greatest value, not only in the classroom but in grading applicants for civil-service positions. It is unlikely to create technological unemployment, since there is now a severe shortage of persons competent to do the tedious work of grading papers wholesale, as a result of which, a lapse of several months before results are announced is not at all uncommon. The question remains, however, whether examinations themselves are of any value in most subjects, if they are so phrased that there is only one correct answer.

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Will the Democrats Divide?

THE LETTER from Ambassador Dodd to numerous Senators, with its resumé of forgotten incidents of Supreme Court history and its startling warning, perhaps unwarrantably picked out and headlined by the newspapers, of a movement toward fascism in this country, made one point that is both more sensational than the Court controversy and has more substance of reality than the danger of dictatorship from the Right. That is his plea that the Democratic Party stay together. A possible division in the Party has been desultorily discussed ever since the election, as if it were something that might happen in an unforeseen future, but the split has been widening all the time people were talking about it, and rumor now goes so far as to predict that it may actually become a formal division unless the President compromises on the Court proposal.

The background of the possible development is of course an old story. The Democratic Party has not for years had a consistent point of view or a homogeneous membership. Its basis has been the solid South, where, because it was virtually the only party, many of its prominent leaders were even more conservative than Northern Republicans. Allied with this territorial bloc were various Northern city machines, inspired principally by the desire to protect their control of their own bailiwicks and enjoy the fruits of federal patronage whenever they were lucky enough to elect a President. These two main supports had little in common but the party name and a desire to win and keep office. They could get office on a national scale, however, only when they could attract millions of unattached voters from the Northern industrial regions and Western farmlands who were injured enough under Republican regimes or were tired enough of Republican conservatism to want to try something else.

It is natural enough for such a party to show signs of disintegration before it has held power for very long. If the Executive moves far in a leftward direction, the conservative stalwarts in his ranks will begin to desert him, at least in Congressional votes if not in nominal support. If he does not, the progressive element which helped elect him is likely to become disillusioned, and may either turn back to the Republicans or try to form a new political instrument in coöperation with like-minded elements in the Republican Party, as in the case of the La Follette Progressives of 1924.

Such a revolt against Mr. Roosevelt was in evidence before the last campaign, and of course it was the Democratic conservatives who began to drift away. So recent were the terrifying experiences of the depression, however, and so great was the President's personal popularity, that the awkward attempts of a few prominent Democrats to lead the rank and file off under Mr. Landon's banner came to grief. It was quite obvious, nevertheless, that many more party men were restive than dared give signs of their dissatisfaction before election, and it was equally clear that the powerful industrial and financial forces that had for many years relied upon the now bankrupt Republican machine would try again either to get control of the Democratic Party or to split it. The very size of the new Democratic majority in Congress, and the apparent impotence of the opposition, made such a development all the more likely.

The only new element in the situation was more organization and more vigor on the part of large leftward elements that had helped to keep the President in office. His great electoral victory was in part due, of course, to his success in retaining support from farmers who had experienced the benefits of an active agricultural policy, but even more it rested upon a far more nearly unanimous support from industrial labor than any Democratic candidate had ever before received—mobilized by Labor's Non-Partisan League, which in turn was under the influence of the CIO. This political mobilization of labor was undertaken with full consciousness that there were strong influences in the Democratic Party that would try to check any forward-looking tendency in the administration. The progressive labor leaders believed it necessary to support the President for reëlection, not by an indiscriminate and uncontrolled flocking to his colors, but through a cohesive movement that was capable of withdrawing its adherence if the conservatives should gain the upper hand in the Democratic organization, or even of launching an entirely new party. On the other hand, if the conservatives themselves should withdraw, the labor movement must be prepared to exert pressure to help make the old party a genuine instrument of progressive democracy. If, before the impending split, the administration and the party machine could be utilized to advance the cause of labor and to prepare the way for further progress, so much the better.

So far, the strategy of this movement has worked well. It has held the political trenches while a rapid and successful campaign of union organization has taken place. It has strengthened Mr. Roosevelt's natural impulse to attempt difficult reforms. His Supreme Court proposal was an advance in the direction seen to be necessary if social legislation were to be possible. Under the pressure of this proposal the Court has in effect reversed itself and has validated a number of the laws desired by the labor movement. No matter what the future holds, the progressive forces in America are stronger as a result, simply because the labor movement has burst through the dykes that held it back for so long and now has a chance to unify and direct its latent power.

Meanwhile, however, the conservative strategists were not idle. The Supreme Court issue was just the sort of thing they were waiting for in order to split the party. No matter what the President might have proposed to do about the Court or the Constitution the Democratic and Republican reactionaries would certainly have been shocked, and a majority of the

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newspapers would have protested. The issue would have been drawn sharply, and the battle would have raged bitterly. The particular nature of the President's proposal, however, combined with the way in which it was suddenly produced without adequate preparation of public opinion, threw an unexpected advantage to the conservative leaders. It soon became apparent that a few outstanding liberals, plus more obscure Senators hitherto known as Roosevelt supporters, would oppose the bill. The conservatives —and especially the Republicans—cannily decided to let these men bear the brunt of the opposition in Congress, confining themselves to a less easily identified type of propaganda. The impression was readily created that Mr. Roosevelt's own following was split wide open on this question, although as a matter of fact the great majority of the dissenters were not convinced New Dealers in the first place, and would have tried to defeat any alteration in Court or Constitution.

As a result, a combination of Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats in Congress is already being openly discussed. The Republicans are tentatively offering to support for reëlection Senators who oppose the Court proposal and are, in consequence, in danger of losing administration backing. It is freely predicted that the bill cannot be passed, and that whether it is defeated or the President accepts a compromise, his prestige will be lowered and the scars of battle will have prepared the way for opposition on other issues, and for an eventual break.

We do not look upon the possibility of such a development with any apprehension. It does not appear to us essential to the cause of progress to keep the old Democratic Party intact; on the contrary, it can in the long run be kept intact only by such compromise or inaction as will seriously interfere with progress. It has already done, under this administration, about as much as could be expected of it, and that is not nearly so much as will be required within the next decade. Of course the Republican Party is not a preferable alternative, but the impending changes, if they develop, are not likely to bring permanent strength to the old Republican machine. What is far more likely is a general reshuffling; changes in one party will induce changes in the other. If Democratic conservatives become Republicans, Republican progressives will become Democrats. If Democratic conservatives capture their party machine, the progressives will form a new party, which will undoubtedly hold most of the votes that drifted from the Republicans to Mr. Roosevelt in the last election. In that event, the conservatives will be divided between Republicans and Democrats; the progressives will be more united than they have been in a generation. Either outcome is preferable to a return of the old meaningless two-party system, in which neither party could do anything of significance because both were split between those who wanted to go forward and those who wanted to look back.

The A.F. of L. Gets Some Competition

THE American Federation of Labor and the Committee for Industrial Organization are now face to face in at least one important field. Employees of the Interborough Rapid Transit System, one of New York's important subways, balloted recently as to whether they preferred to affiliate with the CIO through the Transport Workers' Union or with the A.F. of L. through the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway and Motor Coach Employees. The result was an overwhelming victory for the CIO, which got 10,638 votes out of 11,585. The A.F. of L. union boycotted the election and has announced it will not be bound by the result, even if it has to carry a legal action to the United States Supreme Court. The fight for control of local unions will go on through the United States.

With this news, we enter a fresh phase of the struggle between the Green and Lewis organizations. The CIO was created primarily to unionize the great mass industries, such as steel, automobiles and rubber, in which the A.F. of L. either had no representation or confined itself to a comparatively small number of highly skilled, well paid craftsmen. The amazing success of the CIO in this field in recent months is now a matter of history. It was no doubt inevitable that the struggle should be broadened into a fight for control of other industries as well. Logically, there is no reason why practically every aspect of American industry should not be organized on the basis the CIO has already put into effect. This is particularly true because the A.F. of L. itself has not been consistent in its adherence to craft unionism. A great deal of expediency is written into the history of the A.F. of L.

The social aspects of the new development are worth some consideration. As long as the CIO was engaged in organizing millions of workers whom the A.F. of L. had abandoned to their fate, its efforts could on the whole receive only applause from those who believed that the country is advantaged when its workers are organized and are able to fight successfully for decent minimum standards of wages, hours and other conditions. In theory, at least, the situation is somewhat altered when two unions, both presumably of reasonable strength and effectiveness, begin fighting each other for control of a given body of workers. The situation is somewhat analogous to the sort of inter-union jurisdictional disputes that have in the past harmed the labor movement, especially in the eyes of general public opinion. Many people will feel that the time and effort expended in this way might better be devoted to unionizing the 90 percent of American workers who are still under open-shop conditions.

In fact, however, such generalizations need to be modified for each individual case. For one thing,

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many workers today are probably voting for affiliation with the CIO because its star is rising, its recent successes have been extraordinary, and over the course of many years grievances have accumulated against their own old-guard A.F. of L. leaders. William Green would be the last to admit it, but quite apart from the theoretical debate over the advantages of craft v. industrial unionism, the advent of the CIO has done and will do the A.F. of L. a world of good. It will force many of its unions to get out and fight for the welfare of their members as they have not done in many years. It will help to clear up a few bad spots where racketeers have got control of isolated unions and use them to prey upon employer and employee alike. It will compel the rewriting of some union constitutions under which the officers are self-perpetuating and the rank and file have nothing to say about their own fate. Competition is not always "the life of trade"; but sometimes it helps.

Anti-Unionism, New Style

THE United States Supreme Court has now sustained the Wagner Act; but it has not changed the hearts and minds of thousands of employers who remain as bitterly opposed to unionization of their workers as in the past. What course is it reasonable to expect that they will pursue? When the NRA was first adopted, they had a simple mechanism: they created company unions, which for a long time grew at a far more rapid rate than did independent organizations of workers. Such unions, however, showed a distressing tendency to break away and become in fact what they were in theory—independent bargaining units. Moreover, experience has now shown that when the workers are allowed to choose, by secret ballot, between a real union and a synthetic imitation, they are almost sure to prefer the former.

In this dilemma, one would expect a shrewd employer to change his tactics. He would now proceed to set up a new company union, but he would take the greatest pains to make sure that his connection with it was carefully concealed. He would try, at least at the beginning, to make it look as much as possible like the genuine article. At the same time, he would of course avoid permitting it to have those characteristics to which he objects when they occur in an independent collective-bargaining unit.

As a matter of fact, evidence is beginning to accumulate that this is what is going on. There is the case, for example, of one of the largest organizations in the United States, with headquarters in New York. Some time ago (and before the Supreme Court decision) the research staff of this organization made an exhaustive study of the probable demands of its employees. Shortly after the study was completed, a union did in fact appear among the rank and file, and did in fact make a series of demands that turned out to be miraculously identical with the report of the research group. These demands are being granted, and to all appearances, at least, the corporation is living up to the law, is bargaining collectively, and everything goes well.

Even more striking are new developments in the automobile area in Michigan. We are advised that several new unions have appeared there, ostensibly quite independent, but in fact showing a strange degree of sympathy for the attitude of the anti-union employers who are today reluctantly bargaining with the CIO's United Automobile Workers of America. One such new union, in Flint, is the Independent Automobile Employees' Association, some of whose organizers have been going around charging that the UAW leaders are all Russians, or at the very least, Communists. One of the men connected with this new group is a minister whose views and attitude remind one of the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith. His new union has loudly announced that it will incorporate, something that the employers are now firmly demanding all over the country, but something toward which genuine labor unions are cool, to say the least.

Another new group, with locals in Saginaw and Detroit, is the American Labor League. This union has already incorporated itself, and makes a great talking point of that fact. Chief among its principles is the declaration that its members will never under any circumstances engage in a sit-down strike.

To be sure, there is no evidence that these and other new unions are supported by the anti-union employers, even though in one case a freshly organized group is using the offices lately vacated by a defunct company union. It may be only a coincidence that we see in some of the new bodies American Legionnaires, professional patriots and others who have been violently pro-employer in the past. Time will tell; and one of the ways in which it will do so will be through the character of the demands these new bodies make, if and when they attain sufficient membership and importance to make demands at all. If they ask for practically nothing, people will inevitably say that these are just company unions all over again.

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Death Rides the Wind

THE DESTRUCTION of the old Basque capital of Guernica by Nazi airplanes on April 26 shocked the non-military world. It did not, as nearly as I have been able to find out, shock military opinion in Washington. American military experts have continuously studied the lessons of the Italo-Ethiopian war—the first test of air power on a considerable scale—and have closely watched the preparations now being undertaken by all European powers against air assault. They have no illusions about the air arm of the future.

Against the airplane's terror, however, they place a number of mitigating factors. To begin with, they still believe that the United States is beyond the zone of danger, at least as long as we have a navy capable of preventing an enemy country from obtaining a foothold on the shores of this continent. They also believe that measures under way in London, Paris, Berlin and many other great European cities will be of much defensive value.

These measures—the provision of bombproof shelters in subways and office-building basements, the organization of dwellers in each city block under a civilian leader, the increasingly frequent gas, fire and black-out drills—are regarded as immensely important. These are not devices to impress the populace and obtain armament appropriations, the experts say, but the means by which Europe may save itself. In case of war, it is expected that civilian government functionaries in the chief European capitals would be evacuated. So would a large part of the non-governmental citizenry. The men and women who remained would live and work under the steady surveillance of their group leaders, and within easy distance of prepared shelters.

The principal defense against attack from the air continues to be the home air force, prepared to take off at the first warning of the enemy's approach. However, according to American experts, perhaps the chief military surprise of the war in Spain has been the effectiveness of the German anti-aircraft batteries in General Franco's forces. With the almost complete rout of the German and Italian planes at the hands of the now-famous Russian *chatos* during the past winter, these German batteries are believed to have again and again saved the Fascist troops from defeat. According to estimates, they have accounted for 80 percent of all Spanish government planes that have been brought down. It is assumed that the German guns have similar equipment to that of present-day American and British anti-aircraft batteries—apparatus that electrically calculates the speed and direction of oncoming planes, and sights and fires the guns.

In another war, then, great European capitals like London, Paris and Berlin would first have the protection of their home air force, next of an elaborate ring of anti-aircraft defenses. Despite these, most experts think that individual enemy bombers would get through, and would loose the same 1,000-pound bombs and aluminum incendiary projectiles used at Guernica. The property damage would be immense, but with civilian discipline, loss of life could be kept to a minimum.

This does not in the least mean that there would be no Guernica in another major war. Towns and villages in the theatre of military operations would not only be likely, but almost certain, to suffer Guernica's fate. Which brings us to the crucial question of the military justification for Guernica's destruction. American military experts, as this writer found them, were no less indignant over what happened at Guernica than world opinion generally, but their indignation was over the manner in which the destruction was carried out, not the act itself.

The American government, it should be said in passing, has neither diplomatic nor military representatives in Spain; officially it is ostentatiously ignorant that a conflict is in progress there. From newspaper dispatches, however, American experts point out that Bermeo, on the Biscay coast, was apparently a bona-fide objective of General Mola's army, and that the road to Bermeo led directly through Guernica. All buildings in wartime, and especially the solidly built houses of Spain, furnish cover for machine-gun parties; the destruction of villages that either are, or are likely to be, occupied by the enemy is a military necessity. Thus from a professional military viewpoint, the fascist guilt hangs on the question of whether or not General Mola might have peacefully occupied Guernica without exposing his men to danger. Experts point out that the destruction of Guernica occurred on April 26; that when the fascists moved on the smouldering ruins of the town thirty-six hours later they apparently met with resistance, despite the bombardment, and failed to occupy it until April 29. The road then lay clear to Bermeo, where, it is satisfying to record, an Italian detachment was later soundly whipped by the Basques. As this is written, the heights above Bermeo remain in Basque hands. But while the American experts are able to see a conceivable military purpose in the razing of Guernica, the manner in which it was done—cold-blooded, wanton, purposeless machine-gunning of non-combatants—meets their frigid contempt.

This contempt I have found mixed with cynical wonder at the stupidity of the fascist military mind. Only Germans, it is perhaps unfairly pointed out, would have failed to appreciate that Guernica, with its withered stump of the oak of liberty and its ancient parliament, was the one village in the Basque

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region that the outside world knew and cared about, and only Germans would have singled it out for especial barbarities. Whatever military value Guernica had, its international propaganda value was a hundred times greater—a point to which the German officers of General Mola's staff were as oblivious as their greater colleagues were, in similar instances, during the World War.

Immediately after Italy's victory in Ethiopia, the Judge Advocate General's office of the United States Army is reported to have undertaken a draft of possible rules of air warfare for future international agreement. Our experts, as nearly as I can learn, have no great faith in international morals in wartime, but they believe that certain rules, once agreed on, are likely to be honored for purely military reasons. It is pointed out, for example, that the pre-World War Hague rule again poisoning sources of drinking water has apparently been scrupulously observed in Spain. Before the Russian-built *chatos* obtained superiority of the air in the siege of Madrid, experts say, it would have been technically practicable to have poisoned the whole of the city's water supply by dropping gas bombs in the open mountain reservoirs. The obvious likelihood of reprisals by the Spanish government adequately explains why it was never attempted.

It is also pointed out that gas has scarcely been used in Spain. According to experts, this too has a sound military reason. Mustard gas, or dichlorethyl sulphate, which remains the military favorite, has the power to contaminate areas in which it is released for several days, during which it is equally dangerous to troops of either side. It was effective in the Ethiopian war, but that was a special case. The use of such gas in Spain, according to experts, would simply mean that both armies would have to withdraw from localities where it had been released.

The value of an international agreement to prohibit such incidents as the destruction of Guernica is more problematical. At present, no law exists for air warfare. War planes had not been created at the Hague conferences of 1904 and 1907. A general prohibition against attacks on unfortified towns was approved at The Hague, but the definition of what constitutes an unfortified town was whittled away during the World War. After the Washington naval conference in 1922, a commission met at The Hague specifically to deal with air warfare. Its rules, however, still remain unratified, and many American experts believe them too vague to be of practical importance.

The great problem of codifying rules for air warfare, it is admitted, lies in the Nazi concept of "absolute" or "totalitarian" war. This concept—in the eyes of most British and American experts—failed utterly during 1914-18. Its two most conspicuous fruits were the Zeppelin raids on London and the shelling of Paris by the German Big Bertha. Neither served any tangible military end; both ultimately stiffened the Allies' will to victory. In the same way, Washington experts think that the aimless bombardment of Madrid's business center by German artillerists and the brutal annihilation of Guernica have done boundless harm to the Fascist cause.

Washington. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Mr. More and the Mithraic Bull

I MET Mr. Paul Elmer More several times, but had an extended conversation with him only once. I wrote down a record of it at the time and give it here, as I wrote it then, embedded in a Princeton week-end.

I was taken to Mr. More's house by Dean Gauss, who was one of his closest friends at Princeton and who on this occasion wished to consult him.

At that time—this visit took place in the December of 1929—compulsory chapel had been partially abolished at Princeton, but it had been found desirable to make the students attend half the chapel services on Sundays in order to keep them in town over the week-ends. Those students who professed unorthodox views—and who were often, as it turned out, the same ones who wanted to spend Saturday nights in Philadelphia or New York—were obliged to attend non-sectarian religious discussions which took place on Sunday evenings and were conducted by members of the faculty in rotation.

That month it had been Dean Gauss's turn, and he had begun on his first evening by attempting to find out how much the students knew about or were interested in religion. It had turned out that, though several boys believed in Heaven, nobody believed in the Devil; and when he had chalked up a list of theological words beginning with *infralapsarian* and *supralapsarian* and ending with *theism* and *deism*, it had been obvious that nobody knew anything about any of them. In dismissing the class, he had invited them to hand in questions which might stimulate discussion; and the sole response to this had been a letter written in Latin by a freshman and expressing a desire to learn something about Mithraism. Dean Gauss had decided to brush up on the subject by calling on Mr. More, who had the history of religions at his fingertips.

Mr. More had at that time just built himself a new house in the new residential section of Princeton near the Graduate School, and we approached it along a rainy new-laid pavement. The sitting room,

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where we waited a few moments, was comfortable but rather somber. With its walls densely lined with books, it was preëminently the room of a scholar—though there were a few carefully chosen articles of ornament: two small panes of Dutch stained glass, for example, which Mr. More had brought back from Europe and had had inlaid in a large window at the back.

But Mr. More did not make us wait long: he appeared almost at once, brisk enough, and greeted us with an alertness and an evident pleasure at having people come to see him very attractive in a man of sixty-five. He was short and had picked up some of the plumpness that goes with a sedentary occupation. He had a Roman nose, a pale gray eye and an iron lock of hair on his forehead—in general, a peculiar iron-gray aspect. There was in his face much strength and some nobility, but a curious absence of color.

Affably he attended to the tea and began talking about T. S. Eliot, whom he had suggested inviting to Princeton to lecture. I was surprised to see how much he admired Eliot. He told us, in reply to our questions, that Eliot was "tall and thin, quite strikingly good looking," and that he, More, had gone to Eliot's house in London and had met people there. He explained to us that Eliot's grandfather had been chancellor of Washington University in St. Louis at the time when he, More, had been a student there, so that he had already known Eliot's family. And as he went on, I came to realize that it was for him a matter of deep gratification to have made the acquaintance of another writer of high intellectual distinction who had come like More himself out of that old Middle Western world, who had the freedom of that literary life of Europe from which More's Puritanism had largely shut him out and who was able to bring More into contact with it—a man who, with all his brilliant reputation, his position as a god of the young, was yet a scholar and a serious critic, preoccupied with problems of morality, and striving, although by a different route, precisely like More himself, to find his way back to the Christian religion.

We talked about Eliot's influence among the students, and More demurred over Eliot's poetry. I asked him whether he didn't admire "The Waste Land." "Well, one can see," he conceded, "that it's written by a man of parts." But it seemed to be "The Hippopotamus" which presented the most serious difficulties. "I must say that it reads aloud very well," he confessed, but he couldn't understand what Eliot meant by it. I suggested that it was a satire on the Church. "But," Mr. More protested, "I can't understand how Eliot reconciles that with his present position." I said that, after all, Eliot had written the poem many years before; but Mr. More only shook his head and repeated that he could not reconcile those two things. Nor could he follow Eliot's enthusiasm for Baudelaire: "It seems to me that he finds in Baudelaire . . . things that aren't there." I admitted that there might be something in that, but asked him why he could not admire Baudelaire. "Why," he replied—he had an abrupt hesitation, as over the difficulty of dealing urbanely with a subject about which he felt so strongly, with an author of whom he so greatly disapproved, and whom, if he had been writing an essay, he would certainly have treated with stinging indignation—"I'm old-fashioned about Baudelaire. I recognize his power—and his significance in his time—but as a guide to life—!" He stopped, and neither Gauss nor I tried to debate the matter further.

It was the moment of the great controversy over Humanism, and we tried to draw him out on this subject. I had been hearing from a friend at Harvard of the belief of the fanatical Babbitt that his doctrine was gradually but surely taking possession of all the ablest minds of the time and of the legend, circulated among his students, that the old man had a great map in his study and stuck a thumb-tack into it at every point where a Humanist center was supposed to have sprung up. But Mr. More was much more sensible and less pretentious. When Gauss asked him whether he felt it was true that a great tide of Humanism was rising: "Well," he replied, "I'd rather say that it was having a great splurge just now, but it's partly based on misunderstanding." Yet he spoke with evident satisfaction of an article on Stuart P. Sherman which Seward Collins had recently published in The Bookman. Sherman had been the favorite disciple who had turned renegade to the Humanist band—the split had come when Sherman first praised Whitman—and Seward Collins had now repudiated Sherman. "It seems," remarked Mr. More, "as if something like a conversion had occurred there."

Gauss and More discussed their first acquaintance. The Dean in those now remote days had been a young journalist and poet, just back from the Paris of the nineties, with long yellow hair and a flowing Latin Quarter tie, and he had written a furious letter of protest to More over a review of some French life of Sainte-Beuve which the latter had published in The Nation. "It wasn't a slating, was it?" said More, almost chuckling at the memory of past ferocity. "It was just a bit—contemptuous." He had answered Gauss's letter and received a second letter equally violent. Then he had invited Gauss to lunch and had found him, he said, quite amiable and mild. One of the great sources of More's strength, I realized, lay in the fact that he always knew precisely what he thought and was always ready to face anybody down, uncompromisingly and promptly. I looked at Gauss: his golden locks were gone and had left a prodigiously high domed bald forehead. With his fine profile of a blond South German Dante, in his Princetonian soft shirt and tweed golf suit, he sat today, lying back in his chair, the great expounder of French romanticism, hobnobbing with the great Anti-Romantic. So much subtler a mind than More, with so much wider a range of imaginative sympathy, and correspondingly so much less fixed in his opin-

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ions, he looked out coolly through his eyeglasses without rims on those prejudices and principles of More's which years ago had aroused his indignation. The amenities and responsibilities of Princeton had dimmed the flamboyance of his romanticism. But Paul Elmer More, still just as positive, still nearly as narrow as then, sat attentively forward in his chair, still ready to face anybody down.

Dean Gauss now remembered Mithra and asked for light from Mr. More on the subject. Mr. More, who had the pride of learning, replied with immediate gusto: "Why, I don't suppose I know any more about Mithraism than you do, Christian!"—At this moment there came into the room a sister of Mr. More's, who lived with him. She was a pleasant old lady, with none of her brother's asperity—dressed in black and very deaf. She had just been going through her bureau-drawers, she said—"And it's so hard to know what to throw away! It's really not worth the trouble trying to sort things!" Mr. More admitted rather perfunctorily and speaking loudly so that she should hear, that this did constitute a perplexing problem, and quickly brought the conversation back to Mithra.

"Well," he demanded in a brisk businesslike manner, pouring his sister a cup of tea, "what d'ye want to know about Mithraism, Christian?" His voice, nasal, clear and Middle Western, had a suggestion, not unattractive, of the homely plainspoken manner of the old successful American banker or merchant. "The Mithraic bee," began Gauss, "was a symbol of immortality"—"I've never heard of that," Mr. More caught him up. "Where'd you find that?" "I can't remember where," replied Gauss. "That's what I wanted to ask you. I read it years ago in some book and I can't remember now what it was. I thought you might know." But Mr. More did not know: he mentioned all the books he had read that dealt with Mithraism and said that there was nothing in any of them about it. What he knew, it was plain, he knew: he needed to consult no index. "I suppose," Dean Gauss pursued, "that the bee came to stand for immortality through the belief that bees were bred spontaneously in the carcass of dead animals. It was really the carrion-fly. Virgil talks about it in the Georgics." "The 'out of the strong came forth sweetness' of the Bible," put in Mr. More. "Yes," said Gauss. "Clovis was a Mithraist"—"That I didn't know," said Mr. More. "Yes, Clovis was a Mithraist," the Dean pursued, "and his emblem before his conversion was the bee." "Is that a guess?" demanded Mr. More. "No," said the Dean. "I read it all somewhere, but I can't remember where." Clovis's bee, which Mr. More had never heard of and as to which, failing definite authority, he was not prepared to indulge in speculation, seemed to have made him a shade impatient. He delivered, however, a short lecture on what he did know about Mithraic myths; and it was amazing how much he knew and how accurately he was able to retail it. He traced Mithra, the God of Light, from the Vedic hymns into Persian mythology, and from the Orient into Greece, indicating his various transformations with confidence, lucidity and logic, but with a curious effect of his having retained them as ideas without their passing through the picture-making imagination. And yet the Mithra he described was alive, devoid of mystery, form or color though he was. It reminded me of a book called "Error's Chains," which I had used to look at in my grandfather's library and which had had many illustrations of the heathen gods, old line drawings done from paintings and statues.—Miss More was sitting beside me on the couch and could not hear the general conversation, so we talked separately from time to time while the discussion of Mithraism proceeded. "You might just as well take it all out and burn it up!" she declared, still thinking of her bureau-drawers. "When it's been accumulating as long as that, it's not worth the trouble to go through it and pick things out to save!"

At this point Mr. Frank Jewett Mather arrived. He was a cheerful little man in a checked vest and spats, with the cocky pointed mustache of an old beau and the rosiness of a child. And he turned out to know a lot about Mithraism. He told us that it had had a great success with the Roman soldiers because it had promised them a sure immortality, and that it had developed in the third century into a serious competitor to Christianity.—Mr. More's sister suddenly got up: "I'm going to burn up all that old stuff!" she announced, with the air of one who has finally arrived at a thoroughly satisfactory resolution—and she said good-by and went upstairs. —Mr. Mather explained in detail the symbolism of Mithraic art. There was a Mithraic bull in the Museum, he said, which he had bought and brought back from Europe and which was one of the best things the Museum had. "I didn't know that," said Gauss with interest. "I must go over and see it." "It's the best Mithraic bull on this side," said Mather. "The only really first-rate one." It was a marble relief of the Sun God holding a bull by the horns; there was a dog which was leaping at the bull's throat and a snake which was attacking his testicles; the snake and the dog were Evil and Darkness. "Let's go over and see it!" the Dean proposed to me.

Mr. More reverted to the days of The Nation. He told us that Oswald Garrison Villard had sometimes disapproved of what he wrote but had always had somebody else speak to him about it. Mr. More seemed frankly delighted at this evidence that Villard had found him formidable. "Afraid the 'inner check' wouldn't work!" Frank Mather impishly put in. But Mr. More possessed no technique to deal with people who made jokes about Humanism and did not deign to reply to this. "Who originated the term 'inner check'? Was it you or Babbitt?" asked Mather. "I was the first to use it," said More. "In the Shelburne Essays. But Babbitt has made much more of it than I have." And he added, after a

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moment's pause: "I think the phrase occurs once in Emerson."

In the course of the conversation that followed, Mr. Mather ventured to remark that he didn't see how Humanism was going to get us very far by going back to the Council of Chalcedon. Mr. More was then nearing the completion of his series of volumes on Greek philosophy and Christianity. A man of true spiritual vocation, unable to remain a simple rationalist but prevented by a Protestant education and an obstinate hard-headed common sense from finding a basis in the mysticism of Rome, he had devoted long and diligent years to establishing a historical tradition which would justify his peculiar point of view. At that time he had just published the volume which brought the line of development to its climax with the promulgation at Chalcedon in the fifth century of the dogma of the Incarnation—a doctrine which, in laying down the dual nature of Christ, in representing him as both human and divine, had seemed to Mr. More to make it possible for him to preserve the philosophy of Plato, so attractive to his intellectual and esthetic side, and at the same time not to cut himself loose from the supernatural authority of religion. So he made no reply to this gibe—but presently, with a shade of severity, accused Mather of being "a halfway Platonist like Santayana." He seemed to me that day very clear-cut against the background of the college community. He was himself not really typical of the American academic world: he was an independent scholar, who had denounced in the most vigorous language the lack of sincerity and incompetence of the colleges. He stood out, not merely through his distinction of learning, his Greek and Sanskrit and Hebrew and Persian and the rest, but by reason of his intense seriousness, his stubborn insistence on the importance of maintaining in one's criticism a consistent position which would face moral problems realistically, his refusal to allow himself to be seduced by purely esthetic or intellectual satisfactions. Gauss told him about a student at one of the Sunday-night meetings who had put himself down as a "synthetic hedonist"; More smiled, but said, "I wonder what he meant."

We discussed an exhibition of modern art then on view in New York. Gauss thought Seurat essentially classical, but Mather insisted that he was decadent: Seurat's figures, he said, seemed to be perfectly realized, but actually they were hanging in the air, like the characters of Proust or Henry James, with no real connection with anything. And this led us to contemporary writing. Mr. More, who in a recent essay had characterized Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer" rather intolerantly as "an explosion in a cesspool," conceded now, with an evident desire to be fair, that he "recognized the element of protest in Dos Passos and Joyce." I said that, though there was protest in Dos Passos, I did not believe there was any in Joyce, and thus unfortunately deprived Mr. More of his only grounds for being polite about "Ulysses." He was afterwards to give more serious consideration to such writers as Joyce and Proust. The last book he published, "On Being Human," contained essays on these two novelists, which, uncongenial to More though the subjects were, show more grasp of what is really at issue in their books than most of the stuff which has been written to exalt them. The moralist in Paul Elmer More, who had always been at war with the poet and who had scored over him so crushing a victory, could always be counted on to understand the case of any writer, however abhorrent, who had a serious moral basis, even though the provincial prig who inseparably accompanied the moralist might prevent him from appreciating the artist's achievement. But at that time I do not think he had read "Ulysses"; and I myself was a little touchy on the subject, as my attention had just been called by Gauss to an editorial in The New York Times that morning in which The Times had ridiculed an appreciative article of mine on Joyce. Now I was further depressed, as it seemed to me that these three men, in their fields of literature and art certainly among the ablest in the country, were themselves disposed to outlaw from literature the greatest literary artist then alive. The same confounded old academic inertia! I thought; the same old proprietary interest in the classics which made them unwilling to believe that anything new could have great value! I remembered how thirteen years before it had been the same thing about Bernard Shaw. Dean Gauss had read "Ulysses," but had not liked it much; and, though it turned out that Mather, the old rascal, had read Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy, he would not commit himself on the subject. Paul Elmer More, who, as I say, had evidently not yet read Joyce, began by trying to handle the matter without heat, but when I talked about the Homeric parallel, at the suggestion of one of the major Greek classics' becoming involved with such a fellow as Joyce, his arrogance suddenly started up from behind his deliberate urbanity, and he sharply cut down on the discussion: "But Homer's Ulysses knew what he wanted. He didn't need special explanations!" It seemed to me that there were so many misconceptions lodged behind this remark of Mr. More's that I had difficulty in knowing how to deal with it. The conversation became rather confused and took a slightly acrimonious accent. Somebody changed the subject, and Mr. More proposed showing us his new house.

We went upstairs. On one side of the hallway which led to Mr. More's study was a bookcase entirely filled with detective stories, which I was told he systematically graded with A's, B's, C's and D's. On the shelves of his study were Plato and Plotinus and the Fathers of the Church. Frank Mather mischievously inquired where the Acts of the Council of Chalcedon were kept, and More as usual made no reply. The study was a small unpretentious room at the very top of the house: it had one large morris chair and a table and a desk. On

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the walls hung two framed photographs, yellowish-brownish: one of Perugino's "Crucifixion" and the other of two battered Greek torsos, with both arms and legs broken off, awkwardly reclining together. They faced one another across the room, the Christian world and the Greek, and seemed to neutralize one another.

Then we descended and took our leave. Still chafing at More's attitude toward Joyce, I asked him, just as we were going out the door, whether he had ever read Eliot on "Ulysses." He replied that he had not, and I told him that Eliot considered "Ulysses" a work of the highest importance. His whole attitude toward Eliot, so friendly before, as if by reflex action, seemed to stiffen. "I don't see," he retorted, "what 'Ulysses' has to do with Royalism, Anglo-Catholicism and Classicism!"—and added, "That young man has a screw loose somewhere!" "Would you agree with Huneker," said Mather, "that it's impossible for the same person really to like both Raphael and Goya?" "I don't think," Mr. More replied, "that that pair is particularly well chosen; but I should say that a capacity for enjoying certain authors made it impossible to enjoy Dante or Shakespeare or Milton—or rather, I should say that, if a man liked certain things and claimed to enjoy Shakespeare and Dante, it would be impossible that he should really appreciate them!"

On this implacable dictum we went.

The next day I took a walk on the campus. It was dreary, misty and damp. I remembered the Mithraic bull and decided to look it up in the Museum. There it was, sure enough, right opposite the front door as I went in, shining in the dim afternoon: the white marble relief of Mithra, a naked youth in a peaked Phrygian cap, clasping the sacred bull, which had the dog and the snake that were Darkness and Evil threatening its throat and its testicles. But the Sun-God was to kill the bull, and thereby to conquer the darkness and to make himself the creator of life, all the multiform life of the earth, which was to spring from the bull's ebbing blood. There they hung—once the light of those pagan caves to which the soldiers from their doomed legions had crept, once the Apollonian rivals of the Crucified—there they hung in the Princeton Museum on a Sunday afternoon! I went on to the glass-cases inside, but—Roman busts, Egyptian gods, Greek marbles—almost everything was a reproduction and gave me the impression of being denatured and canned. The afternoon light was gray, the rooms were becoming chill. I turned back and stood before the glowing Mithra, the only complete round living thing in the museum. I remembered with what amazement and exaltation I had first come upon the "Apollo Belvedere" when I had visited Naples as a child—how I had turned back to stare at its beauty.

I went over to the University Library and sat down and wrote The Times a caustic letter about their sneering editorial on Joyce.

Then I went to see if Gauss were free. He had been busy all the afternoon and had evidently seen a great many people: Sunday visitors, University business, protesting parents of students whom he had disciplined. He always gave his closest attention to anything that was submitted for his decision and dealt with it according to his most scrupulous judgment; and I thought his mind was tired. And now he had to prepare his talk for the evening religious meeting. But he revived when I told him that I had been to see the bull and was all for going to the Museum at once. He got his hat and coat and stick, and we set out.

"It's curious," he mused on the way, "how closely it paralleled Christianity. They had a sacrifice, a communion and an atonement. The bull was killed in a cave, and that symbolized the resurrection."—He spoke of his affection for More and told me a curious story. When More had come back recently from Italy, he had announced with gratification and assurance that he had discovered the finest picture in Florence. Gauss had said to him: "I'll bet I can guess what it is! Don't tell me—I'll bet I can guess what you think is the finest picture in Florence!"—and he guessed Perugino's "Crucifixion." He was right; More had been quite taken aback. "But how did you know?" I asked. "Why should he have liked that picture particularly?" "Why, you see Christ way up there—so far above the world."

But when we got to the Museum, it was dark, and we found that the front door was locked. We squinted at the Mithraic bull through the glass, but it was scarcely visible now: we could make out only a whitish blur at the bottom of the cavernous entrance hall. We walked around and found a side-door unlocked and went in. Obstinately, we climbed stairs, explored galleries, invaded classrooms and studios for classes, with their chalky plaster casts of famous statues; but all the doors into the museum proper turned out to be locked tight for the night. A late student in one of the classrooms suggested we might try to find the curator; but the curator was not in his office, and all the other offices were empty.

We walked across the campus and parted. The Dean had to go to the library to look up some more about Mithra, and I remained in his office to type out my letter on Joyce.

The visit long haunted my memory, and now the news of Mr. More's death has brought it back into my mind: the empty academic week-end, the new suburban house, the meetings for the discussion of religion designed to bring the students back to town, the Acts of the Council of Chalcedon, the nice old lady with her firm resolution to burn all that old stuff up, the argument over Joyce, More himself with his lifelong consecration to that great world of culture and thought which he had made so much more real to others but which he could never quite rejoin himself, and Gauss and I peering at Mithra through the glass.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Fontamara Revisited

ACTUALLY the name of the town is Realmonte. To reach it you climb a steep hill from the new half-painted railway station. Once you get to the top, the only heartening sight is the Mediterranean coming into a wide inlet about a mile away, with small vine-covered hills popping up gayly in between. Realmonte is arranged on a plateau that is completely exposed to a sun that bakes it as thoroughly as any desert. It is a popular resort for flies. There isn't a tree or a bit of grass anywhere. You need to walk to the outskirts of the town to realize that you are, after all, in the country. The nearest water supply is seven miles away.

Every morning a man with a mule and a cart transports a barrel of water to Realmonte and sells it to the natives in bottles. The water is good for only a short time. After a while, you can see strange creatures swimming around in it and, if you are not accustomed to them, you try to forget how thirsty you are. There is an inferior quality of water sold in barrels for washing purposes. It is so inferior that it has given a large percentage of the population eye diseases. Lacking proper medical service, the natives rarely do anything about them, except to talk about them and say that if it were not for their affliction they would have been able to go to the United States in the old days when immigration was allowed and by now would be owning automobiles and holding down soft jobs.

Except for the rather elegant houses built for the priest, the mayor and a few of the lucky homesick natives who came back from America with dollars, the buildings have dismally regular features and are built close together. They are of dark yellow stucco and arranged in rows along perfectly straight alleys. If Realmonte had anything like a Chamber of Commerce, it might brag about the number of clever masons it has produced. But they have been able to do little for the town, except to make sure that things were built along perfectly straight lines. Some of these same clever masons are now looking for work as laborers. Some of them are in Ethiopia making roads. Many of them are in the United States working for the WPA.

My aunt's house, no better or worse than the dozens of other homes I visited, consisted of two rooms and a small hole in the wall just large enough to hold a stove. The floors and the walls were of rough cement. The beams of the ceiling stuck out like the bones of a skinny person. There was no toilet in the house and no privy outside. The family used a chamber pot; every time it was used, it was emptied into a large container, which was taken out to the edge of the village at night and dumped in a specially allocated place. On the walls were pasted long bulletins distributed by the Fascist government, telling Italians what to think of Mussolini, Ethiopia and the League of Nations.

My aunt lived there with her two daughters and a thirty-year-old son, who paid the government a bachelor tax every year. Andrea was anxious to marry and he knew a good-looking girl who had enough linen to marry him, but that was out of the question because there was no one else to support his mother and sisters. One of the sisters has been old enough to marry for the past three years. This past year she received as many as four proposals from young men of respectable families but was compelled to turn them all down because she has not the necessary amount of household linen.

My aunt is about sixty-five years old. She was one of the few people I met in Italy who was bitterly opposed to the "government" and didn't hesitate to say so. "The taxes are driving us crazy," she would say over and over again. "If your mother didn't send us clothes now and then, God knows what we would wear. Andrea earns eight lire (43 cents) a day when he works. How can a family live on that, with food prices so high, and pay a half-dozen different kind of taxes?"

The "government" was one thing but Il Duce was obviously something else in her mind. "The only thing we can be proud of in Italy is our King and our Duce. They are both men of genius. Mussolini takes good care of us. He saved us from the socialists and communists and I'm sure England would have attacked us long ago, if it hadn't been for him. Andrea says that only the other day Mussolini *in person* took an airplane trip around this coast to make sure we were well protected. He must have gone right by our town."

My aunt and cousins were proud of their American nephew. They put on their Sunday clothes. They told everyone they saw that "Peppina's son" was visiting them. Because I was from America they even resented people saying that I spoke their language "almost like a native." Andrea wore a suit I had discarded years ago. Every day I was there my aunt wore the black silk dress I had bought for her in New York. I asked her why she didn't wear colors; after all, I pointed out, her husband died all of five years ago. "In Realmonte we are cursed with stupid ideas," she said, "I shall have to wear black till I die. After that, they can dress me in anything they please. One thing I shall always hold against your dear uncle is that he would never consent to moving to another town. Most of the people here are common peasants who don't know any better."

It was Friday, but they bought a chicken for me and insisted I eat it while they fed on spaghetti. I objected so much that the chicken became cold and, in the end, I had to eat every bit of it. The older

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daughter was the only one who said she would never eat meat on Fridays. The rest of them agreed that "if we can afford it, the good Lord never minds." After the meal, arm in arm, we went to visit some of the natives who had known my mother before she emigrated to America thirty-five years ago.

All of them said I resembled her. As an argument some of them showed me pictures of her when she was a girl. Most of them were related to me. There were so many I cannot remember their names or exactly what their relationship to me was. I only remember the deep pity I felt for them when they asked me if their kin in America had given me "something" to take to them. They invariably meant dollar bills. I tried to explain that times were hard in the United States, and that because their relatives were barely managing to support their own families they could only send greetings. I could tell by the looks on their faces that they didn't believe the United States could ever be so poor as all that. One particularly disappointed mother asked me if there was something "peculiar" about the American atmosphere that made people forget easily. Her son had not written her a line for ten years. "I can't understand it," she said. "He used to love me so much. I had all I could do to persuade him to join his brothers in America."

The townspeople stared at us from their balconies and dark doorways as we walked through the chickens and garbage. There were hardly any men around. Many of the women were gray-haired and dressed in black. The children ran around barefooted, dressed in miserable rags. My aunt would often stop to introduce me to some "special friend of the family." Related or not, they asked the same questions about the health of my mother, my age and my salary, the age of my brothers and sisters and whether or not they were still unmarried. It amused them to think that my mother had gone away a maiden and sent back a grown-up son. Some of them, when they learned I lived in New York, would ask me questions that went something like this: "Do you know so and so? He lives on Elizabeth Street (or else some street in Brooklyn). Surely, you must have come across him. He is short and dark and has a funny scar on his forehead."

They took particular pains to round up the three or four natives who had been to the United States and could speak some English. As soon as I was introduced to one of them, a crowd would form around us and beg us to speak English. As we tried to conduct a conversation, they would laugh uproariously and have a great deal of fun mimicking us.

One of the ex-Americans I met was employed in the post office. In New York, he had once helped dig the Brooklyn subway. "When there was no more work, I came home. The United States is a nice place but only when you are working." Now he is a member of the Fascist Party. He spent considerable time explaining to me how Mussolini was bringing glory to Italy. The Ethiopian war he justified on the grounds that Italy was overpopulated. I asked him why it was, then, that Mussolini was asking for large families. He laughed michievously and, pointing his forefinger to the center of his forehead, said, "Ah, Mussolini is a very smart man."

Another ex-American was not nearly so patriotic. He said he had made a "big mistake" in leaving the United States. "I came back after I had saved a few dollars because I thought living expenses here were cheaper. Now they have become higher than in America. We'll be paying taxes for the privilege of breathing next. Already, they tax our furniture, our rent and even our desire to work [he was referring to the artisan tax, which is imposed on everyone in Italy who has an occupation]." For more than a year he had been trying to get permission from the American consul in Palermo to return. He had even written Mussolini a long letter explaining how impossible it was for him to live in Italy and support his family on the salary he made as a mason, but so far had received no reply. Like my aunt, he blamed his troubles on the "government," not on Mussolini or fascism.

In the evening the men sat in the piazza on the edge of town. As we watched the lighthouse in the distance sweeping the Mediterranean with its large, round ray, we talked about sex and politics. They had gathered considerable information about American women through the Hollywood movies they occasionally went to see in the next town. Were American women passionate—or just good looking? Did they make good wives or were most of them unfaithful to their husbands? And was it true that respectable American girls were often seen alone on the streets at night?

One of them said that life in Realmonte was difficult for a bachelor. The town is so small that the prostitutes never stop there. They explained that prostitution is carefully systematized in Italy. All brothels are government-controlled. A girl must be twenty and licensed before she can enter the "service." The girls are subjected to periodic physical examinations and kept moving from town to town every two weeks. The only reason they could give me for this bi-weekly shift was that the authorities did not want any of its citizens to form attachments with the girls.

I switched the conversation to Ethiopia. One of the men who had served in the World War said: "That was an easy war, a real picnic compared to what I had." He told us about some of the terrifying experiences he had had on the Austrian front. "Everybody seems to have forgotten about us now. The boys who went to Ethiopia are the heroes." I recalled the Palermo cab-driver who, a few weeks before, had said to me, "He [Mussolini] didn't dare send us World War veterans to fight his war. He knew very well that once we were organized we would make quick work of him. Instead, he sent a bunch of green kids who've been taught to believe everything he says."

These men did not resent the war, except in so far as it burdened them with more taxes and higher

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food prices. They told me that Ethiopia contained all the minerals that Italy lacked, that soon it would make Italy a powerful and self-sustaining country like the United States. I had heard these newspaper-taught opinions so often in Italy that I could almost finish the sentences they began. It was that way whenever they discussed any political subject.

"Some day," a young man said, "we shall be able to go to Ethiopia with our families and live like kings. It will probably mean the end of Realmonte. No one will want to stay here any longer. Do you know that there are more people from Realmonte in America than there are here?" He laughed at his own statement. "The only reason everyone didn't leave was because they were either too old or had something wrong with their eyes."

An elderly man resented his attitude. "Wait until our station house gets all painted up, then you will see that Realmonte will be put on the map. And in a couple of years, when the water pipes are laid in, Realmonte will be quite a nice place to live in."

"Yes," replied the young man, "if the taxes don't get us by that time."

We talked until the lights went out. They told me that Italy and Germany could lick anybody, that the Soviet Union was no good, and that the three greatest Americans were Hearst, Brisbane and Knickerbocker.

The next day I left Realmonte on a train that was a half-hour late. MARIO MICHELE.

For Better Civil Service

THE QUESTION of how to obtain adequately trained personnel for government positions has recently been brought sharply into the foreground by President Roosevelt's proposals for reorganization of government services. Further recognition of the necessity for improvement in personnel is indicated by the announcement that Harvard University is soon to establish a Graduate School of Public Administration. In this situation, unusual interest attaches to a plan now being put forward by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The plan proceeds from the assumption that mere extension of the civil service by no means affords an answer to the country's need. As now constituted, entrance requirements are comparatively lenient, and the major trend of the civil service is toward providing for the faithful routine worker, not toward attempting to find and recruit persons of outstanding ability. In other countries, notably Great Britain, such an attempt is made; and whatever one may think of Britain's policies, her civil administrators are undeniably among the ablest in the world.

It is a matter of some significance that the plan suggested for America originated with the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Throughout its long and frequently tragic history this agency has probably needed more—and received less—of tact, honesty and administrative skill than practically any other department of government. A cry from that quarter comes straight from the harshest kind of practical experience. Briefly, the Indian Bureau proposes to train administrators for its own use and in so doing to demonstrate a method that other government departments may well follow.

The Bureau proposes to coöperate, if possible, with colleges and universities of recognized standing. A few students—probably not more than ten—who have demonstrated ability in courses in government and public administration (these courses being supplemented by first-hand experience wherever possible) will be recommended by their universities for a year of active work in the field. The procedure corresponds closely to the year of interneship in medicine and similar arrangements in other professions.

Students thus selected will be at once employed at practical administrative tasks, the weight and responsibility of their assignments increasing as their experience widens. All of their work will be watched, supplemented and dissected for them by directors who are themselves successful field administrators. At the end of a year of closely observed training, those found qualified will be ready for entrance into minor administrative posts, their promotions waiting on achievement. They will, that is, enter upon their work as trained career men, having in advance experience in the kind of work they are to do, the conditions under which they are to do it. And unless both university and field shall have failed, they will be career men with a public-service point of view, a capacity for grasping problems beyond the borders of their immediate task.

As yet only a few universities have definite departments of government or public administration. Harvard University, however, has taken a major step in its plans for a Graduate School of Public Administration, and others are in process of formation. Suitable candidates undoubtedly will be forthcoming from among the recent graduates of existing colleges and universities, but some plan must be found to finance the experiment for the period of demonstration. It is estimated that $14,000 will be needed to cover the expense of training ten students for one year, about 60 percent of this sum going toward fellowships, since, without fellowships, candidacies would necessarily be limited to students with independent means. A probable source of this money would be one of the large foundations or educational endowments, and it should not be difficult to convince such a body of the importance of the undertaking.

If the experiment is made, and successfully made, there is no reason why the experience gained should not be applied to other branches of government service. It offers a way to develop, systematically and within the service itself, skill and experience, founded upon native ability, that otherwise would not reach the government forces except by transfer from other fields of activity. As a matter of fact, the present civil-service regulations, calling for "five

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years' experience" (field not specified) as a requirement for supervisory positions in the Indian Bureau, attempt to accomplish this very transfer. But the regulations fail to take account of a fact the Indian Service has had many times forced on its dismayed attention—that, except in periods of business depression, a man engaged for five or more years in one business will not leave that business for the lower ranks of government employment. He will not, unless by his personal idiosyncrasies or shortcomings he has made his position untenable. Private corporations have long known this. Only government continues to act on the theory that an opening salary of, say, $2,600 will tempt from established business or professional practice any but the culls.

Meanwhile government services are almost daily increasing in complexity and importance. The ramifications of the Indian Bureau itself are such that, especially in the Southwest, the habitability of a whole region, Indian and non-Indian land alike, may rest upon the proper management of Indian holdings. Field administrators are the key people in the Indian Service. On their wise selection and adequate training depends the success of any policy—a truth usually more readily granted a thousand miles from Washington than inside the city limits. The present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, however, entered office already granting it; years of unofficial effort in Indian causes had taught it to him. During his first term of office, means for the betterment of field administration were explored and reëxplored with various members of his field staff. With the beginning of his second term, a plan emerges which, if it can pass from plan to performance, points the way toward lasting improvement not for the Indian Service alone but for the whole field of public administration in America.

EDITH MIRRIELEES.

Men and Wheat

Men march in the harvest heat
Past fields to the fife's thin cry.
The men can see the wheat
Wave, as the ranks go by.

They see the ripened yield
Who'll never reap the grain;
They march to another field
Where they shall leave the slain.

The wheat shall be next year's bread
When rain has mixed with mire
The men with the flag ahead
And the fifer's ditty of fire.

The sheaves of men lie flat
And are buried where they bleed.
But what dread food is that?
And what mouths does it feed?

RIDGELY TORRENCE.

Washington Notes

The Success Story of Senator Burke—Anti-New Dealers Ruin Party Discipline—American Trade With China Looks Up

THERE are sobering conclusions to be drawn from the case of Senator Edward R. Burke of Nebraska. In leading the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court plan, Mr. Burke has defied the administration, and his party organization. For ten critical weeks, he and his associates have rendered the Democratic Party impotent. What is the fault in the Democratic Party's structure that has permitted him to do this?

Until 1932, Mr. Burke was a successful, but largely unknown, corporation lawyer in Omaha. The sole public office he had held up to that time was the presidency of the Omaha school board. In 1932, he ran for Congress with the backing of the expansive, not to say gaudy, Mr. Arthur F. Mullen, then Democratic National Committeeman from Nebraska and a Roosevelt floor-leader at the 1932 Chicago convention. The Roosevelt triumph carried Mr. Burke to Washington, an obscure freshman member of the House.

Two years later, in 1934, there was a senatorial election in Nebraska, and the then Governor, Mr. Charles W. Bryan, brother of the Great Commoner, wanted the Democratic nomination mightily. It is arguable that Messrs. Roosevelt and Farley made a major mistake in not encouraging his candidacy. Mr. Bryan, however, was known as an inflationist, and suspected of private dealings with the Townsendites. Messrs. Roosevelt and Farley apparently considered him dangerous; in any case, they plumped for the unknown Burke. As the Roosevelt train passed through Nebraska in the fall of 1934, Mr. Mullen climbed aboard and cajoled Mr. Roosevelt into saying that a vague, mellifluous bit of prose by Mr. Burke was the best definition of the New Deal ever written. Mr. Burke thereupon won.

Shortly afterwards, an incident occurred that deserves notice. Three Nebraska power districts had sought funds from the PWA: the Tri-county district, which was backed by Senator Norris, and the Platte and Loup districts, which were backed by Mr. Mullen, and for which he was acting as counsel. Mr. Mullen rendered a bill to the Platte and Loup districts aggregating $88,500 for legal services, and this bill was disallowed, as it undoubtedly should have been, by Secretary Ickes.

Probably it is fair to say that it was not the money, but the principle of the thing, that annoyed Mr. Mullen. He was established in Washington, and it was accepted back home in Omaha that he was a New Deal big shot. Particularly, it was understood that he was the man who said yes or no concerning PWA allotments. This politically valuable reputation was rudely shattered by Mr. Ickes' rebuff. It was published far and wide in Nebraska that Mr. Mullen did not even have influence enough to collect his own counsel fees. According to report, Mr. Mullen was hurt and angry.

Once in the Senate, Mr. Burke became increasingly critical of the New Deal, which a few months earlier he had so gracefully eulogized. Coincidently, it began to be rumored that Mr. Farley was relying for practical political advice in

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Nebraska matters on Mr. James Lawrence, long-time editor of The Lincoln Star and close associate of Senator Norris. This was considered an affront, not merely by Senator Burke and Mr. Mullen, but by the whole Democratic leadership of Nebraska.

During last year's campaign, the Democratic state organization in Nebraska was honeycombed with revolt against Mr. Roosevelt—a revolt that became frantic when it was known that Mr. Roosevelt meant to support Senator Norris, a Republican, for reëlection. The Omaha World-Herald, one of the historic Democratic papers of the nation, came out openly against Mr. Roosevelt. However, before the campaign ended, Senator Burke and Mr. Mullen were brought back to Mr. Roosevelt's side by the advent on the political scene of the lush and loud Terry McGovern Carpenter, chain-filling-station operator, who, in addition to the Townsendites, Coughlinites and Share-Our-Wealthites, managed to amass a considerable German following by soft words for Adolf Hitler. Mr. Carpenter captured the Democratic senatorial nomination and demanded to be recognized as the Democratic state leader. Senator Burke and Mr. Mullen promptly about-faced, and worked loyally and effectively for Senator Norris' rëlection. Some observers think they were chiefly responsible for his victory.

Enemies of Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court plan have talked admiringly of Senator Burke's great courage in opposing the administration. This seems to me exaggerated. A powerful wing of the Democratic Party in Nebraska is anti-New Deal; if Senator Burke had been motivated purely by a regard for his own future, he would have behaved as he has done. But what is important about this is not the case of Senator Burke alone. There are at least a dozen other states in which the Democratic organizations are in a state of incipient revolt against the New Deal and Mr. Roosevelt. The Supreme Court issue is being decided—at least in part—on the basis of petty parochial squabbles. The Supreme Court fight has raised the question of whether the Democratic Party can ever be sufficiently disciplined to be an instrument of reform. This is a time for the members of Labor's Non-Partisan League to keep their rubber boots handy, and their eyes on the brass pole. They may yet have to roll to a five-alarm fire.

For the last month, the young and personable Mr. Warren Lee Pierson, president of the Export-Import Bank, has been in China on a little-publicized mission. The immediate cause of his trip was the success of English business firms in obtaining contracts from the Chiang Kai-shek government. It has long been a complaint of American business men in the Far East that the British possessed greatly superior credit facilities; the Roosevelt administration, through Mr. Pierson, now proposes to remedy this. But the chief significance of Mr. Pierson's visit is the proof it offers of the administration's confidence in China's stability. No one in Washington expects Japan to make further advances into north China; on the contrary, there is a general belief that the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, on which the Japanese military placed such great hopes, will in time return to Nanking. Another Far Eastern happening that has excited keen interest in Washington is England's refortification of Hong Kong. It is taken to mean a definite British veto on further Japanese intrigue in the southern Chinese provinces. It is recognized here, moreover, that the refortification of Hong Kong, together with England's decision to push to completion its great naval base at Singapore, greatly eases the problem of self-defense for the new Philippine nation.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

On the Uses of Faith—Father Divine Follows in Illustrious Footsteps—Can Investors Organize for Protection?

THE CORONATION of the new English King has filled me with a desire to say a word for Father Divine. The Harlem prophet says that he is God. And this is the pretension that makes it difficult for some of our very sophisticated people to put up with the Father's performances. When a man stands out in the market place and says that he is God he is really asking them to swallow a dose that cannot make its way down the esophagus. But why not?

After all, we may classify statements into two groups—those which fall within the limits of normal credibility and those which fall quite outside that area. All of the latter are unsuited to going down the gullet. It is as hard to swallow a large cobblestone as a large trunk. Both are impossible. It is as difficult to believe that Father Divine is God as that the Japanese Emperor, for instance, is the Son of Heaven. It is as hard to credit that the modern evangelist of "Peace, It's Wonderful!" is actually divine as to credit that the Angel Mormon only a few years ago appeared to Joseph Smith and handed him a book of revelations.

But the important point is that millions of people have swallowed the proposition that Hirohito is the Son of Heaven, that the Book of Mormon did come from the Angel Mormon to Joseph Smith somewhere in New York State, that the Tsar of Russia did have a divine commission from Almighty God to rule the Russian people in temporal and spiritual matters, that the House of Windsor possesses some sort of right to sit upon the backs of the British people, who are expected to bow and scrape before them and provide them with rich allowances.

The chief element in this business of getting these gargantuan boluses of belief swallowed is, oddly, to get them actually swallowed; or to put it differently, when you set out to be the King-Emperor, or the Son of Heaven, or Angel of the Lord God himself, you simply have to get away with it. And no one can deny the fact that Father Divine has gotten away with it as effectually, though on a smaller scale, as his competitors in the wide-open field of credulity. And Father Divine has done it in his lifetime. Just give him another generation or two, if he and his successors can keep the racket going, and he will take his place securely among the gods and his angels and priests will be as respectable and find their way into as good society as the apostles and divinely appointed agents of all these other gods and sons of gods and personal representatives of gods. Just give Father Divine

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time. If he can continue to get away with it we shall have to reckon with him as a social and even a political force.

The hearings before Senator Wheeler's Interstate Commerce Committee on the most recent phase of the Van Sweringen affair—the acquisition of the Mid-America Corporation by Messrs. Kolbe and Young—got around to the question of protecting investors in railroad securities.

Perhaps the most helpless human being in the world—next to the working man—is the investor in our large corporations. The speculator in their stocks is, after a fashion, helpless too. But it is because he is a fool playing a fool's game, trying to get rich quick gambling in the shares. I do not waste any of my precious time trying to protect him—trying to make the great crap game in Wall Street a better crap game for speculators—as the SEC seems to be doing. But I do think the investor is entitled to some consideration.

Presently he will find himself even more helpless than labor, for labor now seems to have the wit to organize, while the investor seldom organizes save under the leadership of the men who exploit him and then usually to fight some social reform. So perhaps he deserves no less than he gets, which is a good rooking. However, one wonders what he could do for himself if he had a mind to do it. Certainly he can do nothing single-handed. He cannot hire a lot of lawyers and experts to recover a thousand dollars which he has lost in some unsavory reorganization scheme.

As a matter of fact, he seldom knows what is going on behind the corporate screen. In the Wheeler hearings on the Van Sweringen business it came out that even the Guaranty Trust Company, bankers and underwriters for the Van Sweringens in some of their operations, did not know what was going on until a Senate committee shocked them with the revelations six years later.

Mr. Bernard J. Reis has been turning over lately the idea of an investors' service like the Consumers' Union—a non-profit-making organization which will represent a sufficiently large number of investors to have, first, the necessary funds, and second, the necessary credentials to demand and get facts about the managements of the great corporations that operate our industries.

The plan has been needed a long time. But such a plan would have to be supported by investors themselves. They certainly do not expect men of wealth to endow an institution to protect investors as they do for crippled children or aged people. The investor is the man who has surplus wealth. If he is not the complete fool he will want to protect that wealth, whatever the radicals may say about its moral values. And that protection means the employment of experts, accountants, economists, research men, lawyers. It means getting laws passed for that protection. It means getting laws passed to end corporate skullduggery. It means lawsuits. It means advice and counsel before investment is made. It means setting up a place to which the man pursued by a salesman may repair for advice. But this costs money and the investor should pay for it. That protection can be obtained for a surprisingly small amount if the organization could once be established. And in addition to protecting the investor it would perform a sound social service as well. It ought to be done.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Perhaps Another Year

Excursion, by Victor Wolfson. Martin Jones' Vanderbilt Theatre, April 9, 1937.

THE SCENE of Mr. Victor Wolfson's play is on the SS "Happiness," an old boat with its legend still of white and gold, and of voyages to islands far away and blest. Nowadays the "Happiness" for the proper months carries excursionists back and forth between Coney Island and Manhattan. This is to be her last season, and is indeed her last trip; and from there she drops to a garbage scow. In the captain's cabin Sunday morning he is finishing for the last time the Scripture reading to the crew, then there is a hymn with the concertina, and amen. Curved walls slide forward and meet, giving us the deck of the "Happiness," on which presently the passengers begin their congress of variety and character.

Young women clerks from Gimbel's retail their several stories, of love, business, philosophy and sex; there is an old Jewish couple, snatching a rest from what seems to be a laundry; there is a fat woman with her baby in arms, her lunch and her small boy; a wife married to a market Wop, her little daughter, and a man whose kisses make her drunk; there is a youthful author, Leftist and vague. And among a good many others arrive presently the son and daughter of the ship's owner, beloved of the captain, with whom all their lives they have been making trips. The son is afraid of his capitalist father, the daughter is a flaming Marxist. Meanwhile the captain's brother, Jonathan, once a sailing man of parts and a champion of the bottle, now dimmer but today almost himself again, has come aboard to join his brother on this last passage.

It is Jonathan who puts into the captain's head the story's motif. Why not, when the world is so tame, and so many men and women never to find their dreams, nor any of them be satisfied, why not on this last chance of it see that they never return? What of those happy islands and the baths of all the Southern stars? There was one island—!

An old skipper has died and left them his things, among which is the map they study for the island's strict location. Then comes the decision to steer the SS "Happiness," once the passengers are on board, not back to her docks and the disgrace of garbage, the captain into slippers by the fire, the passengers to their hungers, defeats, surrenders and dissatisfactions, but over the fair seas. The reactions of the passengers are then shown of course; then the vote is taken; finally they agree on that perfect island 1,600 miles away—Norfolk in passing will serve for stores. Steve returns to the wheel, the voyage begins. The various passengers again express themselves, and things that have happened during this trip, motions, changes, et cetera, are shown. Finally there is the revenue cutter in pursuit, shots across the bow, and radio announcements, a whiff of riot, and the government men on board. Then for a climactic radio message comes word that the ship's owner will not after all scrap her for garbage, next season she will resume her excursions. Well, says someone—it should be Brother Jonathan—maybe next year we can get away with it.

The story must be set forth thus, however scantily, or else the fable of the piece, which is its best asset, cannot appear. It is a pretty fable, with possibilities in many direc-

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tions. And the motifs that create the dénouement are unusually happy: the capitalistic owner's shrewd announcement, the chance for slipping away next year to the golden isle. Meantime threads of romance have been included, such as the owner's son and the girl from Gimbel's, met once and then lost long ago; or the owner's daughter and the Leftist writer. The relation of the mother and child, the child seeing what goes on with the man, hating her mother, and then coming back when she sees her mother's despair and attempt at suicide, is well imagined. The theme of the Jewish couple is, partly due to the acting, the most successful in the play—a wise use of continuity in flux.

The comparison of the deck scenes of "Excursion" to "Street Scene" is almost too obvious to mention, but that is nothing against it. It is a sort of theatre that was going on on long before Mr Rice wrote a play, in fact has gone on forever, back to the commedia dell' arte, with its eternal town squares, and so on to Plautus, Menander and who knows where in time? The comparison with "Outward Bound" will arise also, of course; and with regard to the means used to reveal character by a sudden cutting off from the usual states and sequences of life, "The Deluge" might be mentioned. The shortcomings of Mr. Wolfson's play, however, do not arise from these connections, for the theatre thrives on such. What the whole play needs is a decision in tone. The scenes and moments of scenes are apt to remain vague as to the tone intended. That of the crucial resolution of the captain and his brother, for example, drags largely because we cannot seize for our delight on any assured tone, of fantasy, or whimsy, or old dreams breezed up with alcohol, or a touch of ironic desperation, or poetic, and so on—these are only a few among the possible qualities of tone about which we should, if the play is to achieve its best result, have no doubt as to which is the one intended. There should be too in this scene, as it moves to its point, more variety in the accesses of ideas and excitements, more glow, more pressure, and much more response between the two men, as they exhort, plot, kindle and bind each other's moods. At present it is hopelessly pedestrian. We put up with it largely for the sake of getting the situation underway.

The same is often true of the characters and their stories. We are at times unable to tell whether the author means their outpourings to be taken seriously or as burlesque or what—the Marxist daughter of the capitalist for instance, or numerous short scenes. Mr. Wolfson would do well to go on studying the play with this point in mind, for his fable, with its tangle of actuality and a kind of fantastic inner reality that seems mystical, is too pretty to leave without more of the invisible concreteness that tone is.

It almost inevitably follows that Mr. Worthington Miner's directing, often good, is to blame for some of this indecision in tone. There are matters of the quality intended, of course, both as to acting methods and as to moods; but no little of it is due to the vagueness of the tempo in this scene or that. For instance, in the scene just discussed of the captain and his brother, Mr. Whitford Kane, never an insincere actor, is here, if through nothing else but tempo, a heavy one. And later on, when in dejection he packs his old belongings away, it is not the slowness that spoils matters, it is the deadly lack of variety. Anyone who saw Miss Pauline Lord in "Distant Drums" will know what I mean: her taking from the trunk the trifles she had brought with her from home, the unpredictable, inevitable, indescribable—big words for what was simple and elusive in life—in the timing of what she did.

Miss G. E. Calthrop's settings for the play were both ingenious and effective, very good indeed; the touch is secure. The one lack was in the lighting, which was often prosaic, and which often threw away the dramatic possibilities of fog, changing spells in atmosphere, in sum the register, almost audible, of light.

Several of the younger players did well, better than the run we too often get just now of young persons willing to let us watch them. And Mr. James R. Waters, of six years' fame in "Potash and Perlmutter," seven in "Abie's Irish Rose" and six in the radio's "The Rise of the Goldbergs," plays Mr. Fitchel to perfection. Miss Jennie Moskowitz, who also has had her long runs, in the "Potash and Perlmutter" series, and six years in Belasco's production of "The Auctioneer," does what you might expect if you saw her in, to take a more recent play, "Counsellor-at-Law." Without ever stealing the scene, she manages to surpass everyone.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

Circuit Judge W. R. Hunter today granted citizenship to six applicants because they disapprove of sit-down strikes. . . . Judge Hunter declared the court has the right to bar citizenship should the applicant in any one question express an opinion which would indicate he would not be a good American citizen.—*News item in The Chicago Daily Tribune.*

THAT'S THE LINGO

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows. BINGO. BINGO. EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT.—*Placard in a Morgan Avenue (Brooklyn) bar.*

BY HIS OWN BOOTSTRAPS

Here is another nut to crack for our soap-box lazybones who proclaim that "opportunity is forever gone in America."

Jefferson Davis Tobias will graduate from a Negro high school in Jackson, Mississippi, after a sixty-year struggle for an education. He has supported a wife and ten children.

Tobias didn't wait for education or opportunity to come knocking at his door. He went out and dragged it in.—*From an article by Benjamin De Casseres in the Hearst-owned Seattle, Wash., Post-Intelligencer.*

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD DEPARTMENT

Ex-Governor Alfred M. Landon, one of the victims of the Topeka Press Club's "Frying Pan" dinners, revealed that his "favorite editor" publishes The Literary Digest.—*From The Quill.*

STOP US IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE

H. P. Hazard, Maine shoe manufacturer, commenting on the strike there: "People in Maine don't need high wages. They can fish in the summer."—*An editorial paragraph in The New York Post.*

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Brother Snake

Stalking in every organized group, large or small, lying in wait like the poisonous snake in the grass, concealing their real intentions, the communistic adherents attempt to inoculate all others with their red-colored serums. Their tactics are tactics we should use.—*From a report of an address by George F. Denniston, executive director of the Catholic Youth Organization, speaking before the United Christian Youth Conference, in The New York Times.*

Lavender-and-Old-Lace Department

A cigar butt smoked by the late President Calvin Coolidge is among Phillips Academy's prized treasures.

Mr. Coolidge came here in May, 1928, to help the school celebrate its sesquicentennial. When he rose to speak he laid down his cigar and it was recovered by an academy attaché.—*U.P. dispatch published in The New York Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

CORRESPONDENCE

Waldo Frank and the Moscow Trials

SIR: Allow me to reply to the letter of Waldo Frank in your issue of May 12, in regard to the trial of the Trotskyite Center, in Moscow. Considered on its intrinsic merits, a reply would not be necessary, but in view of Mr. Frank's former relation to myself, publicized by his trip with me during the election campaign, I perhaps owe it to your readers to give my opinion of the letter in question.

It would be a waste of time to discuss, in this connection, the record of the Trotskyite trial. The verbatim report of that trial is printed and available to all seriously interested persons at a very low price (if anyone hasn't the dollar, it is possible to borrow the book). That record was sufficient to convince a large number of outstanding persons without any bias in favor of the Soviet Union. That there are still a few unconvinced may be unfortunate but surely does not create any great crisis except in the lives of those individuals. The world is convinced as it has seldom ever been on the issues of a trial of world historical importance.

That Mr. Frank has chosen, after long vacillations, to reject the evidence, is regrettable from the standpoint of his own future development as an artist of the "ivory tower" who was trying to come closer to life. He has stultified himself by resorting, in desperate effort to justify his latest position, to a miserable libel, not merely against the Soviet Union and its leaders, but against the whole Russian family of peoples. His first point, upon which he bases his whole labored argument, is a restatement of the theory of "Asiatic barbarism" to describe the cultural level of the Soviet peoples. One really blushes for shame to read over Mr. Frank's signature that old stock phrase of black reaction facing the new socialist society—"alien to most Western minds." It is another demonstration of the rottenness with which Trotsky infects all who lack defenses against his influence.

Mr. Frank finds it impossible to accept the evidence against one man; on this gnat he strains and chokes. But with marvelous ease he swallows the camel, which is his only alternative, of charges unsupported by evidence against a whole party, against a whole government, against a whole people—a family of peoples—charges of the most monstrous and fantastic crimes without precedent in human experience. Mr. Frank, used to living in imaginary worlds, may find the most fantastic the most agreeable, but "most Western minds," to use his own phrase, will be unable to follow him.

The practical proposals of Mr. Frank are as grotesque as his motivation. He wants a new tribunal, a new Supreme Court, to review the case. On his new court he wants "jurists or lawyers remote from revolutionary politics" and "of unimpeached professional honor." A court of Elihu Roots, or of Charles Evans Hugheses or of John Marshalls. (We recall that Marshall, idol of all American jurists and lawyers of Mr. Frank's description, presided at the treason trial of Aaron Burr and obtained his acquittal—though history has unanimously pronounced him guilty.) Such a court, Mr. Frank wants us to believe, would give us justice of a purity impossible from a mere socialist court in a socialist state. And whom does he want to take the initiative to set up his fantastic court? Nobody but the Communist Party of the U.S.A.!!! Is it necessary for anyone, outside of a bad dream, seriously to answer such nonsense?

Mr. Frank visited Trotsky in Mexico. We may assume that in that visit he did not receive evidence hitherto kept secret from the world, from the Hearst newspapers, and from Trotsky's own private "trial." He received a "spiritual" stimulus, however, that transformed him from one who helped to dispel doubt in others into one who publicly broadcasts those doubts. And what is evidence and logic when it comes in conflict with such "spiritual" forces? It is useless to argue with people under the influence of such intangible factors. When weak persons attempt to play hero in the drama of great social conflict, the inevitable result is personal tragedy. This is not alleviated by the fact that on the great social stage it appears as farce.

New York City. Earl Browder.

Lowdown from London

SIR: Your readers may like a few jottings from England at this time.

It is impossible to exaggerate the extent of the coronation rubbish in England now. The papers are swamped; crowds come out for all the rehearsals. But for this, one wonders what our complacent nation would be feeling about Guernica and the hideous contrast between this affair and Hitler's talk with Lansbury. One thing would seem to be certain: when German planes have gone a little farther, given yet another demonstration, the English people will be saying: *This* is the reality. Guernica is only a small rehearsal; there is nothing to bomb in Russia; Paris and London next!

We learn that "Coronation Commentary" is selling in the United States like Coca-Cola. The legal action against the Bolitho biography of the Duke of Windsor looks rather like publishers' publicity. It was so managed last week, after a large sale, as to clean out in a day or two all that remained of a good stock. And of course the writ will make the sales leap on your side. The offending passages are very few. Dennis has an absurd staccato style, slick-sentimental, which helped to make the success of the book—it was the only good seller among the mass of royalist stuff. He suggests in one way or another all the oblique and discreditable possibilities of the affair. But like most of 'em, he leaves out the dominating reason for the ruthless action against Edward—the utter impossibility, in the face of Mussolini and Hitler, of allowing a dispute about the throne.

London, England. R. S.

Last Call for Spanish Balladists

SIR: Three-quarters of the ballads of loyalist Spain have at this time been prepared for English readers by the group of American poets who have been working on this project under the editorial direction of the undersigned. Translations by William Carlos Williams, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Ruth Lechlitner, Kenneth Porter, Eli Siegel, John Peale Bishop and others have come in; and George Dillon, Sherry Mangan, James Neugass, Muriel Rukeyser, Shaemas O'Sheel, Babette Deutsch and Genevieve Taggard are among those working on poems. It is impossible for me to write to all the poets who might be interested in the project, but since the work is entering its final phase, I am taking this opportunity of appealing, through your columns, to any interested poets who may want to participate and have missed former notices. Write to me in care of the League of American Writers, 125 East Twenty-fourth Street.

New York City. Rolfe Humphries.

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For a Negro Art Scholarship Fund

SIR: I have become interested in the efforts of the Dallas Federation of Colored Women's Clubs to establish an art scholarship fund to aid talented members of their race to obtain art instruction. This organization has sponsored annual Allied Art Shows for the work of local Negro artists for the past five years—the only movement of the kind that I know of in the South. The work of some of the exhibitors shows real talent, but a complete lack of training.

While the local Federation is working hard to raise the necessary funds for the art scholarship, the majority of the members are poor and the progress slow. I wonder if readers of The New Republic have any suggestions to make about obtaining a free art scholarship for a Negro or getting aid from one of the large foundations or funds.

Any such suggestion could be sent either to me or directly to Lillian B. Watson, president of Dallas Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, 2308 Clark Street, Dallas, Texas.

Dallas, Texas. EVELYN MILLER CROWELL.

Mobsters à la Newburgh

SIR: As frequent visitors and part-time residents in one of the most notoriously backward, open-shop communities in America, it has been our good fortune to become associated with an intensely dramatic and significant "labor disturbance." Ten hundred and fifty out of the 1,100 employees of the Firth Carpet Company at Firthcliffe (just outside of Newburgh, New York) walked out last week under the leadership of the CIO's Textile Workers' Organizing Committee. Axminster weavers in the United States average over $30 a week, but at Firthcliffe the best paid were making $20. Unskilled labor was as low as $11; everybody worked more than forty hours a week and not a few averaged twelve hours a day six days a week. Twenty minutes out for lunch was the maximum, but many workers got no time at all, being forced to work continuously, sandwich in one hand. So traditionally labor-hating is the city and its one (Gannett) newspaper that it has been impossible to rally any citizens' support or get a column of even neutral publicity. The owner of the plant, so patent a violator of the Wagner Act, is Lord Ackroyd. He is said to be in England attending the coronation. His huge daily ads in the local paper cunningly lay the blame to "outside agitators," "undesirable characters" and "communistic influences." The courage and militancy of the strikers have been magnificent; the picketing has been uniformly peaceful and disciplined. "Violence" occurred May 11, when scabs tried to drive through the picket-line and ran down a deputy sheriff. The sheriff was so mad he gave the driver a ticket and told him never to come back. Yet the workers continue to be represented as a bloodthirsty, atheistic and lawless mob.

The company is taking steps to organize a vigilante committee. No decent, humane citizen of Newburgh or Cornwall would join it if he understood the real situation. We hope that everyone within a radius of twenty miles who reads this letter will communicate with us immediately at the address below. The strikers must have support. Anonymity will be scrupulously preserved if you desire it. But act *at once*.

Hemlock Glen, Grand Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y.

SELDEN RODMAN,
DWIGHT MACDONALD.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Jack Bruce, of New York City, leads off this week by accusing us of hardening of the arteries for accepting the estimate of The New York Times that 70,000 persons participated in the May Day celebration in New York City. Mr. Bruce says he knows darned well the real figure was 200,000, because he "marched with the 199,999." . . . Louis Paul, writing from Woodhaven, New York, applauds the call for an American Writers' Congress printed in our issue of May 5 and says, "Every author who believes himself a part of our social and cultural heritage should encourage such a purpose." . . . George H. Freitag, who describes himself as "a young man in a small Ohio town who hates war from the bottom of his heart," thinks the farewell letter of the martyred Johannes Eggert printed in our issue of May 5 one of the most poignant things we have ever published.

J. O. Christianson, superintendent of the School of Agriculture at the University of Minnesota, calls our attention to the fact that for the past forty-eight years Minnesota has had a school of the same general type as the five-year-old farm folk school in Wisconsin, which was described in an editorial in our issue of May 5. The School of Agriculture (which is not to be confused with the regular College of Agriculture) is maintained as a "vocational school training in the business of agriculture and homemaking." It has no formal academic requirements, its students range in age from seventeen to fifty, with twenty as the average, and Superintendent Christianson estimates that there are probably fifty schools of the same general type in the United States.

David Lasser, national president of the Workers' Alliance of America, sends us an outline of the purposes of the Women's Brigade which set May 15 as the date for a march on Washington. One hundred wives and mothers of unemployed and relief workers will urge members of Congress not to make any cuts in relief appropriations and will ask for more adequate relief schedules. . . . Miss Lyn Smith, as secretary of the general committee, calls our attention to the observance of the first Canadian-United States Peace Day, which is set for Sunday, May 23. Dignitaries from both sides of the border will take part in a program in Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Henry D. Aiken, of the Department of Philosophy at Stanford, has two objections to T. K. Whipple's article on "Literature in the Doldrums" [The New Republic, April 21]. In the first place, he thinks that Mr. Whipple was wrong to say "that the agony, frustration and renunciation entailed in the bourgeois attitude toward life and society are only pathetic and not tragic." In the second place, he does not agree with Mr. Whipple that writers ought to go among the working classes and acquire their point of view. "The study of sheer misery in the raw, the expression of vague, ill defined groping, and the recording of sheer animal struggle for material existence, however lamentable, is still not a theme capable of issuing in a great literature." We might suggest that if that is what Mr. Aiken thinks American workingmen are like, he ought to learn more about them himself.

The League of American Writers announces a series of literary awards to be bestowed by the American Writers' Congress, which is scheduled to meet in New York City on June 4, 5 and 6. The awards are to be voted democratically by the rank and file of American writers attending the Congress—thus carrying more weight than choices made by small, selected committees—and are to be given to the books making "the most important social contributions in American literature in the year ending May 1, 1937."

Members of The Group Forum, 2 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City, tell us of their benefit party for the medical unit of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy to be held at 8:45 P.M. on Tuesday, May 25. Theodore Dreiser, Spanish Consul José Gibernau and Helen Seldes are scheduled to speak.

What's on the Air?

Secretary of State Cordell Hull outlines "The Next Step for Trade and Peace." Saturday, May 22, 8:45 to 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Aubrey Williams, Paul Kellogg, Fred K. Hoehler and others at the National Conference of Social Work. Tuesday, May 25, 10:30 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

The commanding officers of the aviation corps of each branch of America's military and naval services participate in a special Aviation Day program. Friday, May 28, 11:15 P.M., CBS.

Two notable radio premieres are included in the musical programs of the week. Dr. Walter Damrosch's new opera, "The Man Without a Country," is presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Saturday, May 22, 1:55 to 5 P.M., NBC-Red Network; and the first performance anywhere of 'Lenox Avenue," an original musical composition by William Grant Still, eminent Negro composer, is heard as part of the Everybody's Music program, Sunday, May 23, 3 to 4 P.M., CBS. Lily Pons is soloist with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra, Wednesday, May 26, 9 to 9:30 P.M., CBS; and the Boston Symphony Orchestra is directed by Arthur Fiedler in a popular concert, Thursday, May 27, 8:30 to 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Muse at the Microphone

The Fall of the City, by Archibald MacLeish. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 46 pages. 50 cents.

MACLEISH wrote an introduction to "The Fall of the City" in the effort to persuade other American poets to experiment with verse plays for radio. His arguments are simple and convincing. In a radio play, he says, "There is no visible actor disguised to assume a part. There is no stage-set contrived to resemble a place. There is only the spoken word—an implement which poets have always claimed to use with a special authority." Moreover, the ordinary commercial technique of radio includes features that could not be more perfectly adapted to the poet's needs if he had invented them himself. Chief of these features is the Announcer, "the most useful dramatic personage since the Greek Chorus." There are also practical arguments that ought to appeal to poets. Broadcasting stations need material and are much more willing to experiment than any theatrical producer of the 1930's. They can help the poet to reach a vast audience, infinitely more receptive than the tired theatre-goers who ask to be diverted on Broadway.

Still another argument is the play itself. People who heard it over the radio, with the principal parts read by Orson Welles and Burgess Meredith, tell me that it was marvelously effective. It has the sort of simple and bold conception that is necessary for works of art in a popular medium. The city—any city—has been thrown into turmoil by a dead woman who has appeared for three days at the door of her tomb. At noon on the fourth day she speaks a riddle: "The city of masterless men Will take a master. There will be shouting then: Blood after." While the crowd is milling and mulling over her words, a messenger staggers in to tell them that the Conqueror has landed from overseas. Orators step forward one after another: a pacifist to counsel pacifism, a band of priests to lead the people back to their old gods, a general commanding and imploring them to defend their city, to die as freemen. But the Conqueror is drawing always nearer. Huge in his armor he marches into the central plaza; he climbs the steps of the pyramid; he turns to the crowd that is kneeling in a strange joy; finally he opens his visor. . . . Only the Announcer dares to look at him; only the Announcer sees that

> There's no one at all! . . .
> No one! . . .
> The helmet is hollow!
> The metal is empty! The armor is empty! I tell you
> There's no one at all there: there's only the metal:
> The barrel of metal: the bundle of armor. It's empty!
>
> The people invent their oppressors; they wish to believe in them
> They wish to be free of their freedom. . . .

One thinks of the other modern Conquerors. Hitler and Mussolini are men like the rest of us; flatter them and they smirk; scratch them and they howl with rage; and yet there is a terrifying disproportion between their private lives, emotionally stunted, and the enormous public parts they play. In a sense they are legends created by hope and fear (and economic interests); in a sense they too are empty suits of armor. MacLeish has found a conception that is valid for any audience, large or small. But he has expressed it in verse that loses some of its force when read and studied by itself; to be effective it needs the help of trained actors. He couldn't write bad verse, but in this case he has given us something less inventive, poorer in music and images, than his verse at its best.

Nobody could fail to notice the physical contrast between MacLeish's earlier books—some of them printed on Lafuma vellum in editions of 300 signed and numbered copies at $10 each—and this new book published in boards at 50 cents after being played by radio. That is only the outward sign of a change in the poetry itself, from a low-voiced complaint over personal isolation and coming death into an effort to communicate with a new audience. For the last five years MacLeish has been working on what I believe is the central problem of contemporary poets, on the problem of transforming private speech into public speech without losing either its technical richness and rightness or its personal candor. In one book, "Public Speech," he came as near to solving that problem as any modern poet. In "The Fall of the City" he has reached the new audience, but part of his voice has failed to carry through the microphone.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

A Note on Hugh MacDiarmid

FOR THE past ten years the name of Hugh MacDiarmid has had unusual and, on occasion, widely separate meanings to different people. To the librarian, it has been the pen-name of Christopher Murray Grieve (1892-), Scotch publicist, author of some twenty books, mostly concerned with the much heralded but abortive Scottish Renaissance of the late 1920's. To young London writers who seek "literary atmosphere" in the neighborhood of Keats Grove, the name has meant the sudden appearance of a wiry, ruddy-haired little man in shabby tweeds, skirting Hempstead Heath on his way to Donald Carswell's house. To the London journalist, sent up to Scotland to cover reports of strikes and riots, Hugh MacDiarmid has been a mysterious force behind hatred of the British Empire and all its works, including capitalism: quotations from his verse are words on banners carried by workers through the dark streets of Glasgow. To Mr. John Buchan (now Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada) he was once "my friend," who "would treat Scots as a living language and apply it to matters which have been foreign to it since the sixteenth century." To Mr. C. Day Lewis he is an "ancestor," one of the first to unearth for younger poets the valuable heritage of Hopkins, Merezhkovsky, Rilke and Stefan George, and himself the author of a memorable "First Hymn to Lenin." To Mr. Edwin Muir his poetry is the result of "a pure inspiration; nothing could be better of its kind, and the kind is rare." This last judgment should concern us most, for in this country the name of Hugh MacDiarmid is likely to gain the dubious importance of a romantic legend, while the poetry out of which rises the legend is read not at all.

One reason both for the strength and freshness of that poetry and for its neglect in this country is the extraordinary language in which it is written. Briefly, MacDiarmid's vocabulary is a combination of ancient Scots with new Scots, and even with contemporary English. But its principal origins are in the spoken word, the naked speech of the Glasgow and London streets. Whenever MacDiarmid pays his respects to literary heritage, he ignores the slipshod intonations of the nineteenth-century Scottish ballads in favor of sixteenth-century music. And he applies the speech he has recreated not only to his own poems but also to adaptations from other languages—as notably in this poem from the German on the death of Karl Liebknecht:

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His corpse owre a' the city lies
In ilka square and ilka street
His spilt bluid floods the vera skies
And nae hoose but is darkened wi't.

The factory horns begin to blaw
Thro' a' the city, blare on blare,
The lowsin' time o' workers a',
Like emmits skailin' everywhere.

And wi' his white teeth shinin' yet
The corpse lies smilin' underfit.

The intellectual tradition to which his early poems belonged had its progenitors in Aquinas and Duns Scotus no less than in John Knox and George Buchanan, the great Scotch humanist, and Francis Sinclair, "who fought mathematically and mathematicized like a soldier." The distance between Duns Scotus and Lenin is perceptibly less than that between a disinterested Platonism and Karl Marx; and so it was by a short cut that MacDiarmid arrived in 1931 at the position stated in his "First Hymn to Lenin":

For now in the flower and iron of the truth
To you we turn: and turn in vain nae mair
Ilka fool has folly eneuch for sadness
But at last we are wise and wi' laughter tear
The veil of being and are face to face
Wi' the human race.

MacDiarmid spoke directly to the intellectual Scot as well as to the Scottish worker. At least half of his audience, in reading "Lament for the Great Music," would understand that the poem in title and spirit suggests William Dunbar's magnificent sixteenth-century "Lament for the Makaris." The other half of his audience was addressed directly in portions of his "Second Hymn to Lenin," published in 1935:

Nae simple rhymes for silly folk
But the haill art, as Lenin gied
Nae Marx-without-tears to workin' men
But the fu' course insteed.

Organic constructional work,
Practicality, and work by degrees;
First things first; and poetry in turn
'Lll be built by these.

I could go on quoting MacDiarmid at indefinite length, giving examples of his wit—among them his new inscription for the London Cenotaph—

Keep going to your wars, you fools, as of yore;
I'm the civilization you're fighting for.

—but no number of quotations could adequately present his freshness and his vigor. On the other hand, it is impossible to read his ten books of verse as a whole without becoming aware that MacDiarmid has often mistaken the garrulous skeleton of poetic discourse for poetry itself. There are times when his work expresses a false genius, the personal "daemon" that D. H. Lawrence knew too well. Yet one must turn to the best of Rilke to find the equal of MacDiarmid's "Birth of a Genius Among Men"; and "A Pair of Sea Green Eyes" is an example of pure virtuosity the like of which cannot be found in contemporary poetry. Before the legend of his fame obscures him, it is to be hoped that his best work will find a public in America.

HORACE GREGORY.

The Dubliner

As I Was Walking Down Sackville Street, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 352 pages. $3.50.

DIFFICULT for the man who has become a legend in his own life time, more difficult still if the publishers are lured by the legend and the man then lured by the publishers; for if it takes a special sort of genius to project one's self, one's life, in the art-form fashion that makes it legendary, how even more miraculous must be the skill which will then take the legend and make it into a book! Oliver St. John Gogarty—doctor, senator, bird-man, wit—not to mention poet and patriot—has attempted this perilous feat of translation. That image, or bundle of images, which for the past generation he has projected in Dublin, and which has been reflected back upon him in the rumors and sayings, even in the books, of others, he here attempts to catch back from the eyes of those who saw and knew him. A metaphysical kind of narcissism, in which inevitably much must be lost, much distorted, perhaps a good deal even a little falsified. If one has been reputed to be a wit, how is one to go about proving it? Wit reported in print is wit bruised, it is like a glass of champagne forgotten overnight and found in the morning; and Gogarty's witticisms are no exception to the sad rule. They are a trifle obtrusively "worked in," in the pattern of the book, and the threads which in swift talk may have flashed gold or silver now look, alas, a trifle tarnished and thin. Similarly, a brave man, or a gallant lover, or a brilliant surgeon, may not brag of his prowess in these arts, George Moore to the contrary, and here again the legendary hero who turns autobiographer must evaporate a good deal of himself in his own alembic. If he boasts, even by implication, it is almost certain to take a cubit from his—reputedly—heroic statue.

But if Gogarty hasn't always steered the perfect course between these dangers, and now and again makes his reader uncomfortable for him, especially when he tries too hard to serve the legend, he is also a poet, with a poet's eye, and his book of memoirs is full of good things, and wise and kind ones too. How sound and sensible and, above all, how generous he always is when he talks about poetry—and if not profound (but who is?) at any rate searching. The whole Dublin scene, too, he does really admirably, making it sharp and small again, like the finder of a camera, exactly where Joyce made it phantasmagorically huge—and with Joyce himself sitting in it, moreover, and looking very vivid and tiny precisely because he has been reduced to life-size. And if the portraits of people are uniformly good, and sometimes very moving—notably those of Collins and Griffith—they are also in some instances downright brilliant. Turgenev would have envied the deer-stalking scenes, and Talbot Clifton—infuriating, superbly arrogant as only the English can be, and unforgettable in his simple and fine assumption of so much that nowadays is so hard to assume. Almost as good is the portrait of AE, vatically self-hypnotizing in a monologue as remarkable for its meaninglessness as for its iridescence, or the naughty story of Moore and the naked old lady who burst into the dinner-party in a passion for "a little intelligent conversation." . . . In fact, a delightful book, and if one has a complaint it is only that the moments of quieter and soberer self-revelation are too few, and that Gogarty didn't perhaps stick a little more to his poetry and his medicine, and a little less to his rage against De Valera and the present state of Ireland. Like Ireland itself, a *few* too many circuses, and a *little* too little bread

CONRAD AIKEN.

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Radical Mystic

In the American Jungle: 1925-1926, by Waldo Frank. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 316 pages. $2.50.

THESE essays begin with Mr. Frank as a small boy in his father's library of European books and as a young man first ex- and then re-patriated; they give his reflections on American happenings from murder to baseball, and his critical interpretations of men and books—Charles Chaplin, J. W. Krutch, T. S. Eliot, Freud and Spengler; and they end with the author addressing various radical groups and telling his experiences in the Terre Haute jail. Uneven as such collections are, the book has remarkable interest not only because it contains, like all Mr. Frank's work, comment of extraordinary depth and insight, but also because it records a progress so characteristic of our times.

Mr. Frank has not abandoned the viewpoint he had in that best of all analyses of American culture, "The Rediscovery of America," but he has developed and improved it. He still interprets things in terms of that disintegration of European civilization which is summed up in the term individualism—the sort of individualism, that is, which separates a man from other men and from the world. He is still in short a mystic, insisting upon his "Sense of the Whole."

As Frank moves to the Left, however, he talks less and less of Man's oneness with the Cosmos, more and more of social groups and the individual's relations with them. Thereby he gains, because his discussion gets more pertinent and substantial. Radical doctrines have shown him a practical way toward the attainment of his goal, and have led him to scrutinize matters less abstract than the Person and the Cosmos. The result is that nowhere can a better statement be found than in this volume of contemporary difficulties, personal, social and literary. Could anything, for example, be more admirable or go into the subject more deeply than this?

> So long as war prevails in the internal economic structure of each nation, it will prevail as well in the internal psychic structure of the men and women who constitute the nation. A society that is a rationalized jungle of greed and violence encourages the lust for individual power in all men and women, and atrophies the social instinct in all men and women. The members of such a society war upon each other in their individual lives: and each individual soul is itself the seat of warfare. Of course, such divided men band together in gangs, classes, nations, to make war upon other gangs, classes, nations.

Unfortunately Mr. Frank does not illustrate these difficulties so clearly as he sees them. From the paragraph just quoted, would not one infer that, since our wit's diseased and there is no health in us, we need above everything to be cautious, painstaking, self-distrustful, to try to use all possible safeguards of facts, knowledge and reason? Yet Mr. Frank puts an unquestioning faith in his intuitions and a reliance on shortcuts to truth, the like of which haven't been seen since Emerson. He also, as in his earlier books, sometimes plays the seer behind a screen of oracular pseudo-profundity and of pseudo-literary jargon that is enough to prevent many readers from perceiving his genuine keenness. He shows these lapses less and less, to be sure; we hear less and less of "planes" and "dimensions" and "rhythms" "subtly entextured" or "myriadly focused and fleshed." But this peanut-butter kind of writing lingers on, together with the quality of thought it manifests. A lack of clarity often obscures Mr. Frank's meaning; especially—and this is the very center of his philosophy—when he speaks of "the unity between self and some other object" or defines the mystic as "one who knows, by immediate experience, the organic continuity of his self with the cosmos," it is impossible to tell whether he is still at bottom an individualist preoccupied with the fusion of the One and the All (I hope he isn't) or whether he has in mind the integration of the individual with larger and larger groups until finally the one person arrives at a proper sense of his relationships with all the world—which would seem unexceptionable.

Though Mr. Frank's mysticism is probably a trial to many of his fellow radicals, it enables him to make his most valuable contributions. The present indiscriminate rejection of mysticism is probably due to the fact that for a long time all the mystics have been bad ones. A mystic is likely to run wild unless, as in the medieval church, he has the discipline of a strong organization and a well developed system of thought. Just such a background Mr. Frank is deriving from the radical movement, and it has already been of great value to him. It has even, for instance, made his writing much more direct and virile. On the other hand, Mr. Frank, because of his insistence on organic completeness, has said things that all radicals, particularly writers, would do well to heed. No one has protested more sanely and strongly against the grinding away of literature into a mere sharp-edged weapon of attack. No one has better stated the social function of the arts: "so to condition men that they will, as a social body, be the medium for the actions of growth and change required by their needs." If that statement looks obscure, a full explanation of it, and many other matters of importance, can be found in "In the American Jungle."

T. K. WHIPPLE.

Diagnosing Human Nature

The Human Machine, by John Yerbury Dent. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 306 pages. $2.50.

THIS IS a book that anyone who calls himself a psychologist should read in a spirit of sincere humility. Not only does it show up objectively, yet with a candid and engaging impatience, most of the faults and foibles of present-day psychology, but it condenses into a few stark chapters all of the really scientific facts about human nature that have been established and verified during the last century. Yet, as good as it is, Dr. Dent's dissertation upon the human machine is not quite perfect. When he depicts the point of view of science, and especially when he analyzes his three pet hates—politicians, preachers and psychiatrists—he displays a mental clarity and a scientific honesty that are truly Huxleyan. But unlike Thomas Huxley, Dr. Dent is not primarily a man of science but a practising physician. When he discusses human nature in general his attitude is uncompromisingly materialistic and objective, as a good scientist's must always be. Yet when he comes to the technique of healing and to the methods by which he has effected cures he imposes upon his readers that same necessity for trusting his personal, unverified experiences which he deplores so in the psychiatrists. If Dr. Dent had been willing to expand his first and last chapters and to omit those that lie between, he would have written that objective account of human personality for which so many of us have waited so long and which this reader thought she had found in her first excited reading of his book.

GRACE ADAMS.

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American Rural

A Lamp on the Plains, by Paul Horgan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

PAUL HORGAN's latest novel is solid and simple, a little overwritten, altogether quite fine. The story is about young Danny, who got out of a box car into the town of Vrain one night and stayed there; it is about the New Mexico town as well, and the people in and around it who had an influence on Danny: first it was Newt, the big old boy of a mechanic who took the boy and his pooch and later gave him up to the Professor, Dubya-Dubya (W.W.), to educate a little; then the Reverend Hopeman, the school teacher and other girls in the town; then the ranching family who took him after Dubya-Dubya had to skin out away from the sheriff. Old Dubya-Dubya, he just about went through all the wives in the Shakespeare club before the embezzlement charge and town husbands caught up with him; he was a curious combination of Jack Falstaff and the Great Humanist; he was the Lamp on those plains, and he and Newt stand out as really the major figures.

On the ranch Danny began to love Kitten and admire or fight with her two brothers. When he went off to military school there was a pretty bad time: the brothers liked him but there was resentment against his intrusion into a dynasty, the arrogant one got himself foolishly killed and things went to pot for everybody. And when things cleared up finally, everything showed clearer than before, but it was in the older and more bleak light of afternoon.

There is a special evocative quality to the prose here that makes atmosphere real and reality a ground for the illusion of truth and feeling to grow in. Not only the sight

Hart Crane

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In a new period it becomes possible to revalue their achievements. What spoken or unspoken beliefs did they hold in common? What was each of them trying to say, and how well did he say it? Which of them were writing merely for their own time, and which of them seem destined to survive into another era?

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and smell as described, but some suggestion of the body's answer to that time of day or season: "The air drew into chill . . . in this earliest likeness of spring, under its sparse snow, with its cows and brown hills . . . washed sky and cold mud sweet and crisp with the evening's ice. . . ." Sometimes it is simply a tonal delicacy in the choice of one word, as when he speaks of pigeons whuttering out away from the eaves, the train stopping with a wince of steam and metal, the brooding hoot of cows. Sometimes the selection of one detail, to bring the reader back through memory into a whole scene: "There was a scent a little like candy in the house always; not too sweet, very clean, somehow the savor of the family's habit in its house." And the same touch applies to the characters, each standing clear and sharp by virtue of a sudden picture of how he looks, what he does. They become clear and knowledgeable in all human complexity without ever the feeling of the writer's labor.

Paul Horgan is one of the true creators of a dialogue medium (as opposed to the dese-and-dose school of phonetic slipshods); he has a good understanding of speech rhythms in all sorts of registers, all of them quick and natural. Here is a small passage of some of the saltiest of it—in a scene that could be studied as a model for other things as well:

> Newt was sitting in the garage near his wind-sucked stove, whittling moodily on a stick. He was so glad to see Danny that he scowled and mumbled and handed him a stick too. . . .
>
> The dirt floor was dried around the stove, and exuded a comfortable smell of evaporating oil.
>
> It was dusky in the place. Newt gradually got around to it. . . .
>
> "W' shucks, tried ' get ' date for tonight, and sombitch, 'ey *both* say ' got dates already.—And you know? what I just about figg' do?"
>
> "."
>
> "Figg' *marr'* at god-damn Myrtle!"
>
> "Figg' *marry* her?"
>
> "W' hell yes?"
>
> "W' god-damn!"
>
> "Sh—"
>
> "Sure am sorry, Newt."
>
> They cut the pine sticks and it was satisfying deliberate work, dropping rich splinters that divided from the parent wood with just enough resistance and ease.
>
> "One hell of a Christmas, now, sombitch if it ain't," murmured Newt.

It is a serene book, working to neither hope nor despair; it doesn't pretend to be the story of Man in America. Yet it has such a strong taste of what we who live in it simply call this country, is so completely without need of explicit generality and prophetic statistics to those of us who just live here and even think about it without putting much stock in the "Man in America" books, that I shouldn't be surprised if some well tempered historian of the future could reconstruct for himself an awful lot from it about the condition and shape of the time, "somehow the savor of the family's habit in its house."

If it will cheer anybody up any, without starting a fight, this is another of the handsome and serviceable jobs of bookmaking—bound so that it will open, good to handle and read—that the Haddon Craftsmen have been making for Harpers.

OTIS FERGUSON.

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Clio Dressed for the Coronation

The Miracle of England: An Account of Her Rise to Preëminence and Present Position, by André Maurois. New York: Harper and Brothers. 515 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

FROM THE beginning there was something miraculous about England. The island was small and insignificant and its inhabitants seemed to be definitely backward. But the Anglo-Saxons were really very extraordinary people, although it would be difficult to explain why. Perhaps "the racial blend," which was "aptly measured," was responsible, or "the Saxon temper" which was "willing to let custom be added to custom." At all events, it was given to them to launch in their small communities an "apprenticeship in the art of governance by committees and compromise" which was to have enormous consequences. After the Conquest, the "clear, constructive" Normans used the power of the sword to beat the local virtues of the Anglo-Saxons into an enduring national structure. Some of the Saxon and Danish peasants called this Norman oppression and kicked like hell, but then "humanity has always been divided, more or less equally, into optimists and pessimists."

By the end of the Middle Ages the English, having developed in the right direction by means of the principles of "continuity and flexibility," were "ready for the smile of fortune." They were a practical and concrete-minded race that scorned mere Reason and abstract doctrines, hated extremes and held that "life should be lived from day to day." They were especially strict about legality. In view of this situation, it is hard to see how the seventeenth century can possibly count, since it produced two revolutions in a country where, as everybody knows, "there has never been a real revolution" at all. In fact, Cromwell was more Mohammedan than English. "His emotionalism was abnormal for an Englishman, and he often had tears in his eyes." He suffered from nightmares and "shared the Moslem prophet's monotheism, his doctrinal simplicity and his ruthless will." It is also true, however—such is the complexity of human nature—that the leader of the Puritan Revolution was "characteristically English in his blend of cautious realism and forceful passion." But his work was dust two years after he died and the English had to wait until after the second "Glorious Revolution," which was "simply an exchange of signatures," to resume their old job of "learning the difficult art of living in a society" in a continuous and flexible manner. It is remarkable how naturally things came to them. They "spontaneously engendered" the Cabinet system out of "time, chance, compromise and common sense." All they still needed to perfect their political edifice was the party system, and sure enough they began to move, "spontaneously" of course, toward "the alternation of parties which turns civil strife into a chronically benignant malady."

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Then came the Empire. England "desired no longer peace, common sense, happiness, but news of victory, lists of captured towns, triumphs, adventures." When the doctrinaire French Revolution broke out the English could not have anything to do with it since their intelligence "essentially . . . was, as it still is, based on a historic sense." Only for a while, during the laissez-faire period of the industrial revolution, England became doctrinaire herself, and no reasonable person would deny that "the suffering inflicted on innocent people in the name of sound economic principles was quite unpardonable." But the old bad nation was giving birth to a new and better nation in "painful, unconscious travail." Unfortunately the World War cut short the process of improvement before the nation had become completely good. The tragedy was all the greater since England did not desire the War, her government having become "essentially pacifist."

Such is the fluff that M. Maurois retails with great facility and verve. He is an old hand at this sort of thing, as his many anecdotal lives and essays testify. His adolescent courtship of England is proving an embarrassment to her sensible citizens; a reviewer in The Manchester Guardian complains that the Frenchman thinks even policemen are wonderful in England. Many readers who are unfamiliar with history will be caught off guard by "The Miracle of England." But the book will flatter the gods, for the fairyland of M. Maurois' romantic fantasy would be impossible without their intervention with a long series of major miracles. Above all, it will warm the hearts of folk who are a-twitter over the coronation of King George VI.

SOLOMON F. BLOOM.

New Books: A Reader's List

THE AMBERLEY PAPERS, edited by Bertrand and Patricia Russell (Norton; $10). The letters and diaries of Bertrand Russell's parents, two kindly, conscientious fortunates of the Victorian era who are not always sure all's right with the world. Contains many badly punctuated and composed but warmly human revelations about their own hearts and souls, and genteel gossip

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about the literary and political luminaries of the day. Valuable source material for an understanding of the liberals of the 60's and 70's and a work of piety that goes far to explain Bertrand Russell himself.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE, by F. Sherwood Taylor (Reynal and Hitchcock; $3.75). The busy man's ideal of a one-volume encyclopedia of the sciences. Running the usual course from matter and energy to life and evolution, with numerous illustrations and a good index to its thousand pages, the book is written in very readable style, and is designed to answer hundreds of questions. The author has done exceptionally well in the long section on Chemistry, which is his particular subject.

LONDON: THE UNIQUE CITY, by Steen Eiler Rasmussen (Macmillan; $4). The Danish author has spared no pains in tracing the development of London from Roman times up to the present day. He deals with every possible aspect of the city and has two hundred illustrations—including photographs of such important contemporary developments as model subways and garden cities. An excellent guide.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who is well known to readers of The New Republic for his articles on politics and current affairs, lives in Washington, D. C.

EDMUND WILSON'S most recent book, "Travels in Two Democracies," was published last year by Harcourt, Brace. He is also the author of "Axel's Castle," "The American Jitters" and "I Thought of Daisy."

EDITH MIRRIELEES, member of the English faculty at Stanford University, is beginning her second year as educational consultant for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, with especial interest in plans for the training of personnel.

RIDGELEY TORRENCE is the author of several volumes of verse and of a number of plays for the Negro theatre, the best known being "The Rider of Dreams."

HORACE GREGORY has written "No Retreat," "Chorus for Survival" and other volumes of verse, as well as a critical study of D. H. Lawrence.

CONRAD AIKEN is the author of several novels and in 1929 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his "Collected Poems." His most recent book of poems, "Time in the Rock," was published last year by Scribner's.

T. K. WHIPPLE, professor of English at Stanford University, is the author of "Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life," published in 1928 by Appleton.

GRACE ADAMS is the author of "Psychology: Science or Superstition" and "Your Child Is Normal."

SOLOMON F. BLOOM is a member of the department of History of Brooklyn College. He is engaged on a study of the attitude of Karl Marx toward nationalism and national problems and differences.

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